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CHRONICLE.

THE House of Lords was occupied for some time on *Friday* week with the Bloomsbury Gates Bill, which has caused a rather remarkable dissidence of opinion in that Chamber. As the Duke of BEDFORD did not care to protect his property or his tenants by appearing before Committee, the position of the measure has been rather exceptional—it being impossible, on the one hand, to represent it in the familiar light of the wicked Duke barring the privileges of the multitude, and difficult, on the other hand, to allot compensation to an interest which was hardly "vested." It is rather surprising that no one proposed the insertion of a clause empowering the lessees, who are thus deprived of one of the chief attractions which made them take their houses, to break their leases at pleasure. But a better thing would, perhaps, have been to make the removal prospective, at a sufficient distance of time. After all, though the nuisance to the public is real, it has been borne so long that it might have been borne longer. The Allotments Act Amendment Bill, after some fighting on a schoolroom-use clause, was passed. The Local Taxation Bill and Committee of Supply occupied the House of Commons, the only remarkable performance being a declaration by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in his altitudes that it was "insolent" of the Government to refuse to take a hand in the game of Obstruction. This was good.

The best criticism of *Saturday's* sitting in the House of Commons may be supplied by putting together, without note or comment, further than the remark that the Police Bills were the ostensible subject of discussion—as uncontentious a matter as can well be imagined—the antecedent and subsequent remarks of two Gladstonian-Parnellite newspapers. On *Saturday* morning one had the singular rashness to print these words:—"It is pointed out in Ministerial circles that by the arrangements made for to-day's sitting the Government are entirely at the mercy of any small section of the Opposition. The House meets at noon, and the debate, coming under the Wednesday rule, must necessarily close at half-past five, and it would require but a slight effort of obstruction to prevent the Police Bill passing. The Ministry show by adopting the Wednesday rule how little foundation there is for accusations of obstructive tactics on the Opposition benches." On *Monday* morning another had the singular candour to print these:—"Such a *Saturday's* sitting! . . . The debate ended at half-past five without an inch of progress made." It did; and this, it will be seen, shows how little foundation there is for accusations of Obstructive tactics.

But the energy of the lower kind of Radical which is exemplified by persons like Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and Messrs. STOREY and BRUNNER did not exhaust itself even here. On *Monday* the same game was played with less, but still with considerable, success, and it may be now said to be impossible that Parliament can rise before at least this day week. Such interest as the proceedings had lay—it need hardly be said—quite apart from this matter, though the long-suffering SPEAKER roused himself to deal with Mr. STOREY in a manner which would have made any one with a skin smart for days to come. But the STORIES of this world have no skin, or rather so thick a one, that nothing but the measures resorted to with the quadrupeds whose name is most unjustly taken in vain to designate them can penetrate it. The interest referred to concerned the statement made by Baron DE WORMS in the Lower House (as it had already been made by Lord KNUTSON in the Upper) concerning the Swaziland agreement. This agreement doth, indeed, something smack of the methods of Mr. FACINGBOTHWAYS, for it neither frankly warns the

Boers out of Swaziland nor concedes it to them. Indeed, it would seem to have been drawn up chiefly from the point of view of those who think that the English element will inevitably in time swamp the Dutch, and that time may as well be given for it to do so. But the agreement does no great harm—indeed, does none at all—and that is always something.

In the House of Lords on *Tuesday* a compensation clause—or, rather, a clause giving injured persons the right to go before a jury and claim compensation—was inserted in the Bloomsbury Gates Bill, the majority in its favour being in all probability largely increased by a singularly unwise speech from Lord MONKSWEILL, threatening dark but terrible things to ground landlords. The Directors' Liability Bill was also debated, an amendment of the LORD CHANCELLOR's and some others being inserted. In the House of Commons, as usual, the Obstructives prevented business from being done by talking at large about doing business, and showed their good faith by refusing, in the person of Mr. STOREY, to let the useful Savings Bank Bill have a chance. The Government obtained the lifting for the remainder of the Session of the twelve o'clock bar, the Scotch Police Bill was at last got through Committee, the Local Taxation Bill was read a third time, and some other measures were helped on a little. Some lighter matters had interest, but among these the House refused to include a long and quite superfluous explanation from Mr. HANBURY as to his tiff with Lord DARTMOUTH, respecting which it need only be said that the peer showed himself to be distinctly lacking in perspicuity, and the commoner to be much over-provided with touchiness. Mr. SMITH, who was in good form throughout the night, gave a definition of "remuneration" even better than that in the *locus classicus* on the subject, by replying "He was 'made a baronet' to Mr. SUMMERS's inquiry as to the remuneration of Sir GEORGE ERRINGTON. A very wise and grave dictum of the SPEAKER's that 'the House has no control over a poet's opinions' (ridiculously misreported 'over the poet SWINBURNE' in some papers) disposed of Mr. P. O'BRIEN's anxiety lest Mr. SWINBURNE should have hurt the feelings of the CZAR by some verses in the *Fortnightly Review*.

In the House of Commons on *Wednesday* Mr. SMITH was chiefly employed in listening to, and for the most part granting, "appeals" from persons who deserved very much less courtesy than they got. Mr. LABOUCHERE, of course, pleaded ingeniously in the character of the good man who only wishes to do his duty, while Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL as characteristically presented himself as a bore pure and simple—a bore naked and unashamed. The Scotch Police Bill was at last got through; divers Bills, including the Irish Census Bill, emerged from Committee, and some votes were obtained on the Scotch Estimates.

On *Thursday* the House of Lords helped divers Bills on their way, and talked about the Gibraltar dock and the carriage of cattle by sea. The House of Commons spent one of the long and promiscuous evenings which distinguish the end of the Session when Supply is reached and the twelve o'clock rule is taken off. The most important incident was the announcement by Sir JAMES FERGUSSON that the agreement with France in respect of Africa has been concluded. No details were given; but from the statements in the French papers it would appear to be a very satisfactory arrangement for England, leaving us the best part of "Nigritia" and the whole of the Soudan east of Lake Tchad. During the debate Mr. LABOUCHERE made inquiries of Ministers of State on the meaning of terms of Scotch law with which any dictionary would have supplied him. This is done on the same principle, we suppose, as that on which the readers of provincial journals ask the

editors of these publications to inform them—(1) How to cure freckles; (2) What is the population of Little Pedlington; and (3) Who were MILTON, DON QUIXOTE, DAVY JONES, RACINE, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, and MUMBO JUMBO! Mr. WALLACE made one of those extraordinary speeches which some admiring Scotch Home Ruler should really collect and edit à la CARLYLE, with especial elucidations of the wut; and a good deal of idle talk was indulged in about Armenia, Mr. BRYCE actually contending that the Armenian style is worse than the Circassian. It is always pain and grief to us to find Mr. BRYCE exemplifying the effect of evil communications. We shall only say, first, that it has yet to be proved that the reports about Armenia are true; secondly, that, if every one of them were true, the history of the Caucasus could outvie them in black and red twenty times over; thirdly, that we cannot see what pot and kettle have got to do with the matter at all.

Foreign Affairs. The chief item of interest in foreign news at the end of last week was the announcement of a decree by the Sultan of ZANZIBAR against slavery, stopping the slave trade at once, and the existence of the institution after a time. *Ainsi Bacchus conquesta l'Inde*:—that is to say, thus we ruined the West India Islands, and thus PEDRO II. led the way for the Brazilian Republic. The omens are encouraging.—The German EMPEROR is so great a traveller and so much addicted to the genial practice of visiting his neighbours that his movements do not attract the attention which attaches to those of more stay-at-home sovereigns. Still, his stay at Osborne, especially in connexion with the Heligoland Cession Bill, which has received the Royal assent, deserves chronicling.—The singular haze which has hung over the events at Buenos Ayres was not dispelled at the beginning of this week. Even the Cardinal's curses were not more apparently ineffectual than the hard fighting, with loss of life or grievous bodily harm to some thousands, of Saturday and Sunday week. President CELMAN seemed to have this of ORLANDO in him, that he could overthrow more than his enemies, for he appeared at first to have completely outwitted his friends, and to have no more "felt like" resigning than if he were a very FRANCIA. On the other hand, the opposition did not seem to suffer or dread reprisals, and will probably look more narrowly after the contents of their cartridge-boxes next time. On Wednesday it was indeed announced that Dr. CELMAN had resigned; but nothing appears to be certain except uncertainty in this curious revolution. And, sure enough, the resignation was hardly announced before it was contradicted, Dr. CELMAN having, it is said, insisted on the concomitant resignations of Dr. PELLEGRINI and General ROCA. As it was precisely in order to place General ROCA and Dr. PELLEGRINI in power that Dr. CELMAN's resignation was desired, this was ingenious. At last, at 5.30 P.M. on Wednesday, the 6th of August, 1890 (it is well to be particular in a matter of so many vicissitudes), the resignation of Dr. JUAREZ CELMAN was, it seems, actually presented to and accepted by the Chambers. Dr. PELLEGRINI—who, as Vice-President, succeeds automatically—is said to be an honest man; but whether "the more the honest men change the more it will be the same thing" or not lies on the knees of the gods, and particularly of the god MERCURY, who may be assumed (for reasons which it would be impertinent to explain) to take more interest in South American politics than any other.—The execution of the murderer KEMMLER by electricity in the United States terminated a loathsome business in a loathsome manner on Wednesday last.—During the week Turkey has been disturbed by resignation of Patriarchs—a serious matter in such a state of things as the SULTAN'S—and Europe at large by sporadic, but increasing, outbreaks of cholera.

On Saturday last Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, before leaving for America, addressed a meeting of his political friends at Birmingham on the results of the Session, of which he succeeded in giving, from the Unionist point of view, a very fair account.—On Wednesday the usual banquet was given to Ministers at the Mansion House. The proceedings were harmonious, if not exciting, and we comment on them elsewhere.

The Cardiff Strike. It is reported that a settlement of the great strike at Cardiff has been arrived at as regards the railway men, whose pretensions were not specially exorbitant. There is some faint hope that, as regards the dockers, it may prove the turning point in the epidemic of madness which has set in over Great Britain

recently. The point is an excellently narrow one—the demand of the labour tyrants that none but Union men shall be employed on the docks. The shipowners and merchants of the district, their conduct contrasting very well with that of the selfish and short-sighted persons who forced the London dockowners to give in, appear staunch; and if the worst comes to the worst, it is to be hoped that every one in England who values liberty, and has a halfpenny to spare, will contribute it to wear down the abominable dictatorship of the Unions. Sooner or later the battle with these curses of civilization must be fought out, and whenever a fight must come, "better sooner than later" is the cry of all men of spirit and sense.

Sport. The last day of the Goodwood Meeting had some interest, the Duke of PORTLAND's Memoir leading off by winning the Nassau Stakes against no very formidable opposition, but in the hollowest manner; Mr. LOWTHER's good horse Cleator, with the top weight and five to two on him, securing the Molcombe Stakes; and Mr. ABINGTON's Father Confessor, after a dead-heat which was run out, landing the Chesterfield Cup with nine stone six from a batch of light-weights. The last race of the day, the Findon Stakes, showed a good two-year-old in Sir J. DUKE's Martenhurst.—On Tuesday the Duke of BEAUFORT's Dark Blue won the Brighton Stakes, and on Wednesday Colonel NORTH's Philomel the Brighton Cup.—The race for the Queen's Cup round the Isle of Wight on Tuesday derived some additional interest from the presence of the German EMPEROR on board the PRINCE OF WALES's *Aline*, which, however, had no chance in the light winds, the Cup being easily won by Mr. LANGRISH's *Samana*.—Two good cricket-matches were decided on Saturday week, Gloucestershire (who are finishing the season well) defeating Notts by 30 runs; while a strong hybrid eleven called the "Lyric Club and Ground" beat the Australians by 96. On Bank Holiday there was some interesting cricket, Surrey making a good show against Notts at the Oval and Kent a fair one at Canterbury against the Colonists. These matches terminated on Wednesday according to the augury of their beginnings, Surrey defeating Notts by seven wickets, and Kent the Australians by 109 runs. The feature of this last contest was the excellent innings of Mr. HAMILTON, a player new to first-class matches.

On Friday week Lord CRANBROOK unveiled a **Miscellaneous.** statue to Mr. W. E. FORSTER on the Thames Embankment. Mr. FORSTER was not in every respect a pattern of wisdom; but a more honest and straightforward politician never lived, and his courage and patriotism were such as we oftener wish for than see.—The principal miscellaneous event of the week has been the August Bank Holiday, which, for a wonder, was a remarkably fine one, and may, to some extent, have mitigated the agonies which that institution inflicts on those who go out and those who do not.—A very well attended International Medical Congress has been held at Berlin, Great Britain contributing at least her fair share of distinguished attendants.—On Saturday last Rochdale unveiled (or would have done so if it had been there) a bust to Mr. BRIGHT, whom Radicals of the Gladstonian sect praise, but do not imitate his works.—An ugly case of desertion by sailors was reported from Rhode Island on Tuesday, a considerable number of the crew of H.M.S. *Bellerophon* leaving their ship, and being recovered only by force, and not all of them.—Another spurt of the ugly wave of insubordination which seems to be running through the Services has been reported from Exeter among the gunners quartered at Topsham. It would not seem, however, that matters went beyond the old schoolboy trick of destroying harness—a trick likely to be all the more rife in the state to which the idiotic short-service system has reduced our army.—A very important judgment of the House of Lords in the BELL-COX case pronounced against the jurisdiction of the Court of Appeal in reference to a writ of *habeas corpus*.—On Wednesday judgment was obtained for the Crown in the rather important, though hardly dubious, gold-mine royalty case of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL v. PRITCHARD MORGAN.—It is very satisfactory that the attempt made to stop the sale of the three Longford Castle pictures to the nation has failed, the Court of Appeal having given judgment to that effect on Thursday. It is reported, by the way (it may be hoped truly), that a still further addition to the National Gallery is contemplated in the shape of some of the finest, including an undoubted TINTORET, of Lord DARNLEY's pictures at Cobham Hall.—

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On Thursday the liquidators of the Panama Canal presented their report, which may be pretty well summed up by the doleful statement that the expenditure of the Company has been over fifty millions, and that its assets do not amount to anything like one.

The name of Madame LOUISE ACKERMANN, who died recently at Nice, was probably not much known in England, except to those who have made a special study of modern French literature. She had reached a great age, and the best of her work (which was not at all voluminous) was done many years ago, and was for a long time privately printed. Nor was the increasing pessimism which she displayed either a very appetizing or a very profitable poetical motive. But she had a real poetical gift, great learning, and, in no blue-stocking sense, much scholarship. It is to be feared that considerably more interest was aroused in England by the death of Mr. BRODRICK CLOETE'S horse Paradox, who was once famous on the Turf, and was beginning to make himself a name at the stud.

MINISTERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

THAT modesty which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the greatest statesman of our time—the Marquess of SALISBURY (as the LORD MAYOR very prettily remarked in reference to his principal guest on Wednesday) may have been tickled by this compliment. It must have been tickled more subtly by the consciousness of the recipient that he was cutting a much better figure as Foreign Minister and representative of, though not respondent for, the House of Lords than his colleagues who are directly responsible for the conduct of domestic business and the performances of the House of Commons. Neither Mr. SMITH nor Mr. BALFOUR was present; and though the LORD CHANCELLOR, in the character of *emeritus* commoner, kindly took a little of the burden off the shoulders of Mr. GOSCHEN, as LORD SALISBURY himself had done previously, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER must have wished himself safe at Sutton Coldfield, with the passage through Coventry omitted. It is true, as he said, that the House of Commons has done something, in spite of Obstruction; it is true, as LORD SALISBURY said, that the Government has not been defeated in any of its measures. But it is also true that a very large minority of the House of Commons has shown a deliberate, a persevering, and a too successful intention to thwart the business and injure the interests of the country, and that the leaders of the House of Commons, partly by ill luck, but partly also by their own fault, have been unable to out-general their enemies to anything like the extent which is desirable. We do not at all regret the absence of a long roll of measures placed on the Statute-book; the Statute-book is a great deal too full of measures as it is. But we confess that we do care for the spectacle of a minority allowed—partly, it would seem, by innocent inability to conceive that they would behave so badly, partly by want of forethought, and partly by want of remembering that “it’s dogged as does it”—to bring the plans of the Government to disarray and ridicule, and to hinder the welfare of England.

Apart from his ingenious diversion into arithmetic (dimly recalling the celebrated exposition of the number of the beast) to show that each member of Parliament by obstructing for one hour only (and what is that?) can prevent Government doing any business at all, LORD SALISBURY confined himself almost wholly to his own department, and had a good, if not an exciting, record to unfold. LORD BRACONSFIELD from one point of view, Mr. GLADSTONE from another, would have made very much more of the Anglo-German Agreement; and it is natural enough that persons who admire Mr. GLADSTONE should (perhaps honestly) misunderstand LORD SALISBURY'S depreciation of his own achievements, “Whilk is a humour that has been observed in gentlemen of his country,” as the Baron of BRADWARDINE observed to Colonel TALBOT of a not dissimilar matter. This humour—more’s the pity—is somewhat out of fashion, and it is said by credible persons that those who indulge in it are in danger of being thought wanting in seriousness nowadays. You must, as Mr. GLADSTONE does, take yourself and everybody else with portentous gravity; you must wave umbrellas in the middle of the road and shout “The Speaker!”; you must first edificate and then describe the gigantic mare’s-nest;

you must ingeminate Mitchelstown and MANDEVILLE and Malta in order to gain the credit of a great statesman. In that case it is probable that some people would, without much regret, decline the reputation of a great statesman, as not worth the trouble. At any rate, LORD SALISBURY will have the sympathy of a remnant left to him when he saith, “It is naught, it is naught,” when he talks of taking and giving mountains and lakes and rivers, only hindered by the small impediment of never knowing exactly where the lakes and the mountains and the rivers are. His sentences on the altered conditions which make delimitation by anticipation of this sort absolutely necessary now, though it would have been superfluous not so very long ago, put into authoritative words a maxim of diplomacy and statesmanship the observance of which a few far-sighted persons have been urging on Englishmen for years, but which is still ignored and pooh-poohed by too many would-be-knowing ignoramuses. The slight reference to Persia in the speech was more significant than it looked, and the somewhat longer passages on Egypt may be taken as wholly satisfactory. Its praises to English servants in Egypt were well deserved. Sir EVELYN BARING, when he first went out, made gross and all but fatal—to some extent actually fatal—blunders; and though it can hardly be said that he caused, it must be said that he failed hopelessly to prevent, the indelible infamy of Khartoum. But he has repaired this fault as far as possible by doing yeoman’s service in the more limited sphere of Egyptian home politics, and by exhibiting in a very difficult situation diplomatic tact of the most remarkable kind. No nation in the world—we may say as we have said before—has anything to show that will compare with the regeneration effected in Egypt by these eight years of English or quasi-English rule. And it is particularly gratifying to find that LORD SALISBURY spoke with no touch of uncertainty on the subject of withdrawal. The time for that withdrawal “may come”; it has certainly not come yet.

On one point or group of points surprise has been expressed, and reasonably expressed, that LORD SALISBURY was silent. It had been confidently announced from French sources that an agreement had been come to on the subject of that protectorate of Zanzibar which has been giving the French such uneasiness; and we now know from Sir JAMES FERGUSSON that it was. LORD SALISBURY said nothing about this, nor did he say anything about the very troublesome subject of Newfoundland; that he should also have been silent about the negotiations with the United States on the subject of Behring Sea had nothing remarkable; for those negotiations are still proceeding, and have been by no means plain sailing. But in the French matter something was expected and nothing was said. It is, of course, quite possible that semi-official announcements from Paris were premature. They were somewhat vague, and contained nothing as a statement of what had happened, but what everybody who had given any attention to the matter expected would happen. There is, indeed, one discrepancy in them, and it may be hoped that the version according to which France retains some rights or claims in reference to the Sultan of MUSCAT is not true. For Muscat is not only intimately connected with Zanzibar, but is of very great importance to England as respects India and the Persian Gulf. If, as was stated, the line of French influence eastwards in Africa has been drawn from Tunis to Lake Tchad, that is all right as far as that particular line is concerned; and the line from Lake Tchad to Say is also well enough. But it is desirable to know what line from Say to the sea has been fixed on, and the delimitation of the shores of Lake Tchad itself is of the greatest prospective importance. On the whole, however, it would seem that the lines indicated here have been observed, and that France is warned off Wadai, Baghirmi, and the Eastern Sahara and Soudan generally. If this has been well arranged, the consideration of the Madagascar exequatur may not be too much to have given for the acknowledgment of the protectorate of Zanzibar. In case of war with France it may be taken for granted that the English navy and the forces of the South African colonies would take an early opportunity of routing the French out of the great island altogether, if the same traditions of English history were followed. But during peace, and considering that we have already acknowledged the influence of the French there to a great extent, the retention of small rights which are irritating to them, and hardly at all profitable to us, is unwise. There will be some, of course, who cannot see this, as they could not see a similar argument in the German matters, but that cannot be helped. At the same

time, it will certainly be disappointing if African matters are finally arranged without the settlement of the Newfoundland difficulty. France as France, and England as England, have no quarrel on that matter, and though the French may have been too liberal in their construction of their pound of flesh, most reasonable Englishmen admit that the Newfoundlanders' claim to repudiate the bond altogether is preposterous. But we have to do the best we can for them, unreasonable as they may be, and it is therefore desirable to take every opportunity of France wanting something from us to effect a settlement of what we want from her.

EXECUTION, AFTER THE HUMANE.

FROM all accounts—even after the ebullience of the reporter has subsided, or its subsidence allowed for—the experiment carried out in Auburn Prison, New York State, was as sickening an exhibition as was ever devised by friends of humanity in a land of light and liberty. “Humanity! what things are done in thy name!” is a reflection natural to the occasion, to adopt Mme. ROLAND's apostrophe to liberty. Indignation, however, should be directed to the right objects, in wholesome channels, and not suffered to spend itself in weak lamentations over the deferred execution of the death sentence, brought about by agitation anent the new law of last May, and the supposed suffering the delay caused in the condemned murderer. An outrage on our common humanity, like the execution of KEMMLER by electricity, ought not to distract attention from the uncommon humanity that decreed and perpetrated it. A set of sentimentalists pale even to the lips with their craving for reform, and a number of scientific physicians ever ready for experiments, were successfully combined to exert the necessary amount of pressure—it was not much—upon the Legislature. This unholy, though not unnatural, alliance, backed by a sufficiency of irresponsible clamour always available with agitators in the free and enlightened United States, has worked unremittingly during the last twelve months and gained the first-fruits of its labours. Those concerned can scarcely feel, and have not dared to express, much satisfaction in the results of their zeal. A few may have honestly believed, despite the protests of electricians, in the efficacy of their new instrument as a substitute for the method favoured by our rude forefathers. All of them, doubtless, thought themselves to be very superior persons, predestined to lead the way for slow and effete Europe to follow. We do not grudge them the benefit of this charitable view. The attempt, quite as much as the deed, should confound them. In order to avoid, let it be assumed, the possible yet always avoidable scandal of a broken rope or a too scant drop, they have contrived an exhibition of horror and indecency unparalleled in the annals of capital punishment. In the place of the happy despatch, the new scientific method resulted in a revolting bungle that suggests the proceedings of a wicked mediæval council of torture rather than the civilization of a “high-toned” people.

Whether there are to be any repetitions of the Auburn experiment is a question that chiefly concerns the people of New York State. They at least know what to expect when the will of the faddist becomes the law of the land. Without doubt they are learning the lesson aright to profit by it, foreseeing possibly that the campaign of the humane executioners, begun and continued in clamour, will end in clamour, and “the people” will rage furiously for repeal. Considering the fussiness and excitement that have attended the movement, such a fate were a proper and dramatic conclusion. Like the illustrious orator in *Paradise Lost*, the leaders had looked for the approbation of humanity, and do now hear the hiss of public scorn. The physicians present among the agitated crowd of witnesses declare that the criminal died at the first application of the electric current in painless peace, and that the evident return of respiration in the pinioned man was but a convulsive movement of the pectoral muscles of an automatic kind. That the current was twice switched off and thrice applied is a very ugly circumstance. It shows there was distrust as well as bungling among the scientific, as it is incredible that non-professional hands directed the experiment. All accounts agree in describing the scene as extremely loathsome. Nothing could be more discordant with a silent, swift, and certain execution, such as was promised, than the excite-

ment, the morbid curiosity, the profuse newspaper discussion, that preluded and accompanied this affair. The details of the experiment itself, horrible though they are, are not more sickening than the picture of the eager crowd of spectators, the swoonings, the hysterical sympathy, and other elements of a sensational show. To judge from the reported language of an eminent physician present, it might have been the sufferings of a martyr in a cause worthy of sympathy, instead of a murderer's execution under the law of the land. Perhaps the doctor considered too well the holy cause of science. Certainly no completer way of diverting sentimental sympathy from his victim to the criminal was ever offered in the name of justice or humanity.

THE VARIOUS MR. PITTS.

GERMAN economists, with the precision and elegance which mark their scientific terminology, have given the name of Smithianism to a leading doctrine of the author of *The Wealth of Nations*. We have been unable to keep the phrase out of our mind in reading the article on “The Two Mr. PITTS” which occupies the opening pages in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. It might more appropriately have been entitled “The One Mr. SMITH.” It has its history; and if we are to trace it to its cradle we must go back five and twenty years, or thereabouts. At that time Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH was a member of an association whose aim, to use terms absolutely neutral, was to obtain a judicial decision on the means adopted by Governor EYRE in suppressing the negro outbreak in Jamaica, and in punishing its supposed instigators. Various wealthy friends of humanity contributed of their silver and gold. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH gave what he could—that is to say, he gave two lectures on Mr. PITT, the proceeds of which went to “the fund raised,” as Mr. SMITH puts it, “to obtain justice for the negro peasantry of Jamaica.” Ever since the beginning of the French Revolution, during Mr. PITT's lifetime, as afterwards, it has been the fashion to contrast the Mr. PITT of the Commercial Propositions, of the French Treaty, of Parliamentary Reform, of peace, and of retrenchment, with the Mr. PITT of the war, of coalitions, and subsidies, of the National Debt, and of the Seditious and Traitorous Correspondence Bills. FOX and SHERIDAN and GREY were never weary of taunting him with apostasy and inconsistency. It seems almost incredible that some one or other of them should not have hit upon the happy but rather obvious device of speaking of the two Mr. PITTS.

If the phrase was used before him, it did not stick until Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH employed it; perhaps we should rather say, until Mr. GLADSTONE found it convenient to borrow it from Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH in order to contrast the spotless purity of the author of the French Commercial Treaty with the diabolical wickedness of the author of the Act of Union. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is naturally indignant at his own phrase being taken from him to be used against a cause which he has honestly at heart. He sets himself, therefore, in this essay to prove that, although in a certain sense there were two Mr. PITTS, yet after all these two Mr. PITTS were only one Mr. PITT. In Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's rhetoric there were two; in history, fact, and character there was only one. The Mr. PITT of the Act of Union was the Mr. PITT of the war, and of what it is a fashion to call the English reign of terror. If, therefore, there are two Mr. PITTS, chronologically divided from each other, the Act of Union belongs to the second and bad Mr. PITT, and not to the first and good one. In fact, the immediate necessity of the measure sprang out of the French war; it was quite as much a part of the foreign as of the domestic policy of the Minister. Ireland was the vulnerable heel of England; and the Parliamentary Union entered into Mr. PITT's strategy, in the larger sense of the term, quite as much as into his dream of a *Hibernia pacata*, or of a union of hearts, for which he was at least as anxious, though he did not talk quite so much about it as Mr. GLADSTONE. On the doctrine of the two Mr. PITTS, his noblest achievement, in Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's judgment, belongs to what is denounced as his worst period. To avoid giving this controversial advantage to the enemy, Mr. SMITH is led to believe that Mr. PITT's worst period was not so bad as he once thought it, still less as he was supposed to think it. On the other hand, he implies that his good period was not so good as he formerly imagined it

to be. He rather smudges the colours, blending the snowy-white Mr. PITT of the peace, retrenchment, and reform epoch and the pitch-black Mr. PITT of the war-and-terror epoch into a sort of dingy or whity-brown Mr. PITT of both periods.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH holds that the circumstances in which PITT became Prime Minister were a stain upon his Government. In dismissing the Coalition Ministry GEORGE III. was acting, Mr. SMITH admits, within the limits of the Constitution as it was then understood, and, we may add, as it continued to be understood for half a century longer, up to the time when WILLIAM IV. dismissed Lord MELBOURNE and sent for Sir ROBERT PEEL. But Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH cannot forgive the intrigue in the closet, the card from the KING shown by TEMPLE to the peers, which led the House of Lords to throw out Fox's India Bill. PITT is generally supposed to have had no previous knowledge of the incident, and this seems to be Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's view. But he considers that in profiting by the transaction PITT identified himself with it. In the correspondence of Mr. PITT with CHARLES, Duke of RUTLAND, which has recently been republished by the present Duke, there is a letter which, from its place in the correspondence and its date, suggests that PITT may have known what was going on. Writing obviously of the India Bill and its chances in the Lords, he says: "The closet will do everything, as far as I can judge, in fair co-operation and concert, if the crisis is found to be ripe, which I think it will." The letter was written on the 6th of December, 1783. The Bill was rejected by the Peers on the 17th. If Mr. PITT's sentence has the meaning which seems most probable, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH will think that the case is stronger against him than he supposed. But he is judging the past by the usages of the present. The message conveyed by Earl TEMPLE to the Peers, by which they were invited to reject the India Bill, was certainly not more unconstitutional than the letter written by Sir HERBERT TAYLOR at the command of WILLIAM IV. to the Opposition Peers which led them to acquiesce in the passing of the Reform Bill. If Mr. PITT's acceptance of office in 1783 was a fault, what is to be said of Lord GREY's retention of it in 1832? We are putting the case against Mr. PITT at its worst. All that can be said is that he acquiesced for once in practices which preceded and long survived him.

Mr. SMITH has the candour to admit, and to fortify his remark with well-known illustrations—the conflict with Fox's majority and the dismissal of THURLOW—that Mr. PITT was not wanting in resolution, but he had not, he thinks, the Bismarckian iron in his blood. He did not practise the abstinence of the German Chancellor; but, as he was deluged with port wine and gorged with beefsteak, his bodily and mental nerve failed him. When and how we are not told. But this statement is followed by an exposure of PITT's weakness in the WARREN HASTINGS case. On the question of his impeachment, he voted in HASTINGS's favour on the Rohilla charge, which, "as CAMPBELL truly says," was the best established of all, and for impeachment on the CHEYTE SING charge, which, "as CAMPBELL also truly says," was the weakest of all. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH relies too much on the shaky authority of Lord CAMPBELL and what he "truly says." Fox himself admitted that the Rohilla offence had been condoned and could not be pressed, since, when it was brought forward years before by DUNDAS, HASTINGS's recall, and not his impeachment, had been demanded, and he had subsequently been appointed Governor-General. Fox also declared that the CHEYTE SING charge, on which PITT renounced his opposition to the impeachment, was the most important of all, "so much so that on the vote of this night, in my judgment, 'the fate of Bengal depends.'" Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH repeats after MACAULAY the story that before the vote on the CHEYTE SING charge, PITT had had a long interview with DUNDAS, who was the enemy of WARREN HASTINGS. We are left to draw the inference that PITT, with his nerves weakened by overdoses of port wine and beefsteak, had given way. So far as we can at present ascertain, the story of the interview with DUNDAS has no other foundation than a letter written by WARREN HASTINGS to Mr. ELIJAH IMPEY (the son of Sir ELIJAH), thirty-four years after the event. The relations between the two men do not fit in with the doctrine of PITT's subservience to DUNDAS. DUNDAS himself had opposed the impeachment of HASTINGS on the Rohilla charge; and PITT, separating himself from DUNDAS, had opposed the nomination of HASTINGS's personal enemy,

FRANCIS, among the managers of the impeachment. The idea of a secret understanding, based on a common jealousy of WARREN HASTINGS's favour with the King, seems to be absolutely without foundation. Lord CAMPBELL's view of the relative insignificance of the CHEYTE SING charge was not that of WARREN HASTINGS's accusers; and there is no reason for doubting that PITT, as he solemnly declared to WILBERFORCE, felt that upon it he could no longer hold out. His surrender may possibly have had some reference to the still graver charges which remained behind with reference to the Begums of Oudh.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's opinion now is that PITT was "rather less strong and rather more worthy of respect" than a quarter of a century ago he believed him to be. The unfavourable part of this judgment seems to us to rest on misreadings of history or imperfect information. As to the PITT of the revolutionary period, Mr. SMITH admits that his measures of repression are not to be condemned because they were severe, but because they were not needed. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is criticizing, or but for his voluntary exile might be criticizing, in an England which a hundred years ago PITT made safe for him, the means by which he made it safe. It is easy but ungrateful to say that he exaggerated the danger, and was excessive in his precautions. The revolutionists, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH urges, were few in England; so they were in France, as M. TAINE will inform him. But an organized and energetic minority will always constrain a timid and apathetic majority, in the absence of a vigorous Government. This element was wanting in France. Mr. PITT supplied it in England, and the success of his measures enables Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH to condemn them as unnecessary. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is ostensibly writing of Mr. PITT. But his article begins with Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, and returns to him in its concluding lines. Its real aim is to show, as it does satisfactorily enough, that if it was a sport of rhetoric to speak of the two Mr. PITTS, it is a grave misrepresentation to hint that there are two Mr. GOLDWIN SMITHS. Smithianism, allowing for lapse of time, increase of knowledge, and maturity of judgment, is a consistent doctrine.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE Naval Manœuvres have as yet been so conducted as to keep the promises made for them. They have been practice, and not playacting. This is well; but it is necessary to add that practice, though it is better than make-believe, is, after all, only practice, which is not quite the real thing, though much more like it than most of the sheer nonsense of former years. It ought not to be necessary to insist on the distinction between work and practice; but we notice a certain tendency to confuse them. Thus, for instance, the Correspondents of newspapers with the fleet insist much on the good shooting at the targets done by the A fleet. They remark that even when the shot missed the targets it would have hit a vessel. So it would if the conditions were the same. If the enemy was drifting harmlessly, the comparison would be perfect; but if he was moving and firing back, there would be a notable difference in the circumstances. The captains of guns in our fleet were expected to wait till the smoke cleared away, and every opportunity was given them to make good practice. In action, however, waiting till the smoke cleared away might not be possible, and it would be the business of the enemy to see that opportunities were not afforded. This distinction must be borne in mind when deductions are being drawn from the turret practice of the A fleet. Practice is very excellent, and the man who shoots best at a target will also shoot best at an enemy as a rule; but, after all, shooting at two drifting barrels is one thing, firing at an active enemy who is blazing at you is another. If the targets of the other day had been an enemy's fleet in line of battle ahead to leeward, the practice made might not have been so accurate. What proportion of the shot from the *Shah* hit the *Huascar*? Incidentally the two days' work supplied an excellent piece of criticism on the value of previous manœuvres as training. It was found that the coastguard men, who are out in these ships for their yearly drill, fired rather wildly—which was not thought strange, as they had had no practice for four years, having been otherwise engaged in the manœuvres. Let us hope there will not be another such four years.

The practice in evolutions was good in exactly the same sense as the firing at targets. It is only by such practice

that men learn to manage either ships or guns. The *A* squadron was well employed in going through them; much better employed than the French fleet, which has just been manœuvring in neighbouring waters. To judge by the complaints of officers published in Parisian newspapers, Admiral DUPERRÉ's squadrons seem to have been wasting time in operations more sham even than our own of last year. These few days of practice have, however, been marked by incidents which are enough to cause considerable anxiety. Unfortunately they are not new. Quite the contrary. They are simply breakdowns in machinery. Hydraulic machines and engines have alike failed. The *Inflexible* had to return to port; the *Hero* was unable to fire one of her guns for six hours. The *Ruby*, we learn, was compelled to have "recourse to her sails," and even then had to apply for help to the *Ajax*. As for the hydraulic machines, their vices are notorious, and have been commented on again and again. The adventure of the *Ruby* has a certain touch of novelty. We do not recollect that, of late at least, one of H.M.'s ships has given such an illustration of the exact value of the newest theory of the naval critic—which is, that sails are a pure encumbrance. The *Ruby*'s engines gave out for a time. The misfortune was not serious. It could be made good at sea; but in the interval the *Ruby* found her sails of some value. In war, we suppose, the engines might also have given out, and then the sails would have been even more useful. Yet, according to a noisy school of critics, whose theories are allowed too much influence in practice, masts and sails ought to be dispensed with. Our ships ought, in fact, to have no alternative resource if their engines do get into disorder, as they are liable to do. At one time during the evolutions the ships were ordered to make ready to tow, one half was to take the other in hand for practice. It would appear that this is likely to be a very useful form of practice indeed; but one rather wonders what will happen when a ship's engines prime in the middle of action and an enemy is at hand to take advantage of the opportunity. Happily the same kind of thing has happened with the French ships. Perhaps it may be taken for granted that in future naval wars a goodish percentage of both fleets will always be crippled by their own defective engines.

THE PROGRESS OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

IT is commonly said, that if the Government had made up their minds to an autumn or winter Session as long ago as when Lord SALISBURY addressed the meeting of his followers on the state of public business, they might have got through their legislative and financial arrears, and have reached the prorogation by the end of July. Present appearances, however, do not lend much credit to calculations of that sort—which, indeed, are obviously framed, in this as in other cases, without regard to the fact that the system of Obstruction is essentially an elastic one, and may easily be accommodated to any emergency which chances to arise. It is signally fallacious to infer, from the fact that the House is kept sitting for, say, a month after a certain announcement has been made of the date of its re-assembling for a new Session, that such period of four weeks is to be regarded as a "constant quantity," and that whenever the said announcement were made, the business of Parliament would take that time and no more to wind up. All depends from the Obstructionist's point of view on the time at which the announcement is made. He has no notion of allowing a Government to bring the Session to an end a fortnight earlier by means of so simple and even childish a *ruse* as that of antedating by a fortnight their preparations for bringing it to an end. No; his notion is that the House of Commons should be kept at work, whatever happens, until after the middle of August and as much longer as possible; and if Ministers attempt to hasten the close of their labours by prematurely abandoning "non-contentious" Bills, they must be punished for their presumption and precipitancy by being compelled to learn that that definition of their legislative measures has no sort of authority. They must be taught that that business alone is "non-contentious" which the Obstructionist does not see fit to oppose; and that any business may in this sense become contentious if it should appear to the Obstructionists that Government are getting on too fast with their work, and are in danger of succeeding in their attempt to bring the Session to a close with reasonable expedition.

Hence, we are not of opinion that a House of Commons which includes two such masters of their dreary art as Mr. SAMUEL STOREY and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL would in any case have been allowed to separate at a much earlier day than as it is will witness their dispersal. They would in any case have been kept sitting and listening to the bumptious fatuities of the former bore, and the pedagogic ineptitudes of the latter, until August was far spent; and the only consequence, therefore, of an earlier resolution upon an autumn Session would have been to subject the Government and the long-suffering majority to so many more weeks of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL and Mr. SAMUEL STOREY. The subjects of legislation on which these two ornaments of the House of Commons have "spread themselves" admit of infinite expansion, and they are eminently capable of expanding them, so that Ministers would in all probability have gained nothing by an earlier resort to the process of "lightening the ship." When they did take that step it must be admitted on—and by—all hands that they took it in no half-hearted way. They had good ground for their declaration that they had done their utmost to rid their programme of controversial items. Almost the only Bills left on it which are not of a purely formal character were those two in which the Obstructionist has discovered such unlimited opportunities for dilatory debate, and has so relentlessly availed himself of them. We do not affirm, of course, that the tactics pursued by him with respect to these two measures—the Local Taxation Bill and the Police Bill—have been of a precisely similar nature or labour equally under the same destitution of plausible excuse. The obstruction to the Local Taxation Bill was, to a large extent, obstruction of the egotistic rather than of the deliberately malicious order. It has got to be regarded as the proper thing with representatives of Scotch Gladstonian constituencies to show the Imperial Parliament that Scotland, when she chooses, can make herself at least as great a nuisance as Ireland; and, in contributing to this magnanimous demonstration, no one Scotch Gladstonian member likes to show himself less zealous than another. Add to this that the people of Scotland have notoriously a good conceit of themselves in the matter of elementary education, and that their Parliamentary representatives are all eager to show themselves in sympathy with their countrymen by fighting as hard as possible for an educational subsidy. And when we have further taken into account the extraordinarily keen competition for prominence which prevails among that astonishing crowd of mediocrities whom Scotland chooses to send to support the cause of Home Rule at Westminster, we cannot be surprised at the struggle over the Scotch provisions of the Local Taxation Bill. That is to say, we could not have been surprised, or even disgusted, at some such struggle having taken place on the point. What, of course, actually happened is that the Scotch members, having a plausible pretext for opposition to start with, worked it out in a night's debate, and impudently traded upon it afterwards for the better part of a week.

In the case of the Police Bill, however, Obstruction has never had even that fig-leaf of an excuse; it has from the first been naked and unashamed. This measure has been before a Standing Committee, where it was most carefully considered, and where moreover the very member who has been leading the clause-by-clause resistance to it in Committee of the whole House had unlimited opportunity of impressing his views upon his fellow-legislators, and, in fact, exhibited much the same opinionated obstinacy which he has since been displaying in a larger field. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's appearance in the capacity of a mere professional Obstructionist of the Labouchèrian or Conybearian type is however a novelty, and may, perhaps, in charity, be referred to some special aberration of mind on this particular subject of police. He may possibly revert anon to that more self-contained and self-regarding Parliamentary attitude, in which the Baboo has immortally depicted him; but for his accomplices no such excuse can be suggested nor any such hope entertained. They are most of them seasoned Obstructionists to a man. Mr. STOREY, for instance, is an old offender in this kind, and Mr. STOREY has done something more than obstruct the Police Bill; he has succeeded in compelling the abandonment of the Savings Bank Bill, and his action might have supplied Lord SALISBURY at the Mansion House the other night with a more exact illustration of the Polish *liberum veto* than at the moment occurred to him. Otherwise, however, we can hardly help suspecting that he was the type and exemplar of the fatal Parliamentary personage whom

the PRIME MINISTER had in his mind when he observed, in emphatic and even solemn terms, that "there have been many Governments under which men have flourished," but that "no nation will ever flourish if it allows the unrestricted exercise of the powers of the Parliamentary 'bore.'"

It is amusing to note the irritation which Lord SALISBURY's plain language on the subject of Obstruction has excited in the Gladstonian press; and there is really such an air of good faith about some of these manifestations of feeling that one is sometimes almost tempted to believe that this virtuously indignant party have actually persuaded themselves that they are cruelly wronged. The *Daily News*, for instance, professes to find ignorant partisanship in Lord SALISBURY's observations on this subject, and, for aught we know, may have actually persuaded itself that they reflect this undesirable quality throughout. Nothing of this kind, however, ought to astonish us when we remember that Mr. LABOUCHERE himself is occasionally the victim of delusions with respect to the character of his Parliamentary behaviour. No doubt his protest of the other night against the charge of Obstruction, and his reiterated assertion that Ministers were solely responsible for the terrible state into which public business had fallen, were mainly animated by that spirit of cynical effrontery which is responsible for most of his utterances; but there is reason to think that even his audacity would be unequal to such a speech as that which we have referred to, if he was fully sensible of the aspect in which his tactics, and that of his friends, present themselves to other people. When Mr. SMITH neatly and humorously observed that he seemed desperately anxious that people should not believe him capable of carrying into practice his frequent Parliamentary declarations of his intention to oppose every measure of the Government, and to use every form of the House to defeat them, the material of his retort is at once recognized as so obvious that it is difficult to believe in Mr. LABOUCHERE's having overlooked it. But even Mr. LABOUCHERE, though, as a rule, he wears his factiousness "lightly as a flower," has more than once shown that he is capable of catching the infection of dull arrogance from those with whom he mixes. And it is, no doubt, in one of the moods that he has contracted from them—it is in one of the paroxysms of that ludicrous self-righteousness which induces your typical Radical to believe that in the name of his unquestioned virtue he may commit any breach of written or unwritten law to carry on the struggle against a wicked Government—it is doubtless, we say, in some mood of this sort that Mr. LABOUCHERE forgets those light-hearted and irresponsible "declarations" which Mr. SMITH recalled to him, and for the moment actually believes that he is solely solicitous for the proper conduct of public affairs.

SWAZILAND.

THE Convention made with the Transvaal Government regulates and defines, but does not materially alter, the position of Swaziland. Up to the present the natives have enjoyed such independence as is possible for a small and savage people placed between two Powers each capable of crushing it. These Powers were bound by mutual promises not to use their strength; but as transactions, which may be summed up under the names Samoa, Zanzibar, and Madagascar, have shown within quite recent years (not to speak of other transactions going back to the mists of antiquity), such promises are made of the proverbial material. The Convention renews and restates them with greater precision. We have again promised to respect the independence of the Swazis. The other high contracting party—which our own acts have made a Power—the South African Republic, does the same. To avoid conflicts, we have set up a common administration to control our respective adventurers. Both parties, then, have made further promises to one another, and have entered into engagements; but substantially the situation remains what it was in Swaziland. As neither contracting party has obtained a distinct recognition of its sovereign rights, it is unfortunately true that possibilities of trouble remain unremoved.

It is easy to imagine a more satisfactory settlement; but in all such transactions it is necessary to look first of all at what can be got. When a Government is bound by its own acts, it must take the consequences of them, unless it is prepared to tear up its engagements, and rid itself of

inconveniences by the open use of force. In this case the QUEEN's Government was bound by the wretched London Convention of 1884, much as it is bound, as regards Newfoundland, by the Treaty of Utrecht. Nobody has seriously proposed that we should decline to consider ourselves bound by our promises any further. Newfoundland is a warning of what comes of carelessness and oversights, and the London Convention supplies admirable reasons for not trusting the people who made it with power again. The Treaty and the Convention are none the less binding, and must be observed or modified by friendly arrangement with the other party to the contract. The arrangement as to Swaziland is as good a modification of the state of things set up by the Convention as was possible, since the Transvaal Government was determined to stand by the letter of the bond. A joint Committee of English officers and Boers may not be—we are even prepared to allow that it will not be—a very satisfactory instrument of government. But, at least, as long as it exists there will be a check on open aggression by the Boers. As it is terminable by either party at an early date, it will be in our power to withdraw from it if the agents of the Transvaal make it impossible for us to work fairly with them. The clause by which the Boers are to be allowed to carry a railway to the coast at Kosi is not only a recognition of a "natural and very legitimate" desire, it is also for us an acceptable alternative to the other scheme by which—if Portuguese short-sighted greed had not intervened—the Transvaal would have secured access to the sea at Delagoa Bay. Kosi is not in the territory of an unfriendly foreign State, and is to be under our own authority as protecting Power by the express terms of the Convention. As the railway can hardly be built without the help of English capital, and will run through territory under our own influence, it will be our own fault if it becomes a tool in the hands of rivals. The other clause, by which the Transvaal Government is invited to enter into a Customs Union with the Cape, the Orange Free State, and Bechuanaland, may fairly be taken as a proof that the rulers of the South African Republic are not indisposed to enter into permanent friendly relations with England. The engagement it gives not to interfere with the reserves of the South African Company will have this good effect, that Boer enterprises in any part of the Company's hunting-grounds will be confessedly illegitimate. The course of the South African Company is by no means free from obstacles. There is an undeniable probability that it may some day show, as other Companies have done, how easily a corporation which is allowed powers of government may compromise the State, even though it is anxious to cause as little trouble as possible. But the removal of all chance of collision with the Boers will notably diminish the risk. In so far the Convention represents a distinct gain. With the choice of a place under English protection as the port of the Transvaal, there is enough for the present to justify the Convention. If it does not provide what must obviously be a permanent settlement in Swaziland, it must not be forgotten that the acts of certain persons, who unhappily were the QUEEN's Government at the time, had made a permanent settlement nearly impossible.

ARCHILOCHUM—?

NO doubt Mr. P. O'BRIEN would acknowledge that, when he called attention in the House of Commons to "a poem by Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE containing a direct incitement to the assassination of the 'CAZAR,'" his first concern was not for the EMPEROR's life or the honour of British poetry. Indeed, Mr. O'BRIEN admits as much in a letter subsequently addressed to the *Daily News*. Here he had an opportunity of expressing all the horror with which assassination may inspire him, all his loathing of those who incite others to seek political change or private gain through maiming and murder. It appears, however, that it was not his purpose to do anything of the kind. Mr. SWINBURNE can become almost as angry against barbaric crime committed by rebellion and greed in one land as against similar wrong perpetrated elsewhere in the name of divine-right authority. In short, he is no friend of the Irish conspiracy, and has, indeed, expressed a vigorous opposition to it. When, therefore, Mr. SWINBURNE's "ode in praise of Tyrannicide"

appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. P. O'BRIEN hastened to place the poet, and the Government with him, in what the honourable member hoped would be an unpleasant position. He asked to be informed "whether any representation had been made to HER MAJESTY'S Government by the Government of Russia, or whether HER MAJESTY'S Government intended to prosecute Mr. SWINBURNE or the publisher and printer of the *Fortnightly Review* for this gross incitement to assassination of the "sovereign of a friendly nation." It must be allowed that Mr. O'BRIEN had hit upon an inquiry which would have been extremely embarrassing if an answer could have been demanded. The judicious and authoritative SPEAKER, however, put the question aside for the moment, and afterwards (according to Mr. P. O'BRIEN's account of the matter) declined to place it on the notice-paper on the ground that the ode was but "the vapouring of a feather-brained poet." But this was enough for Mr. O'BRIEN. Behold, says he, "what shams and humbugs the Unionists are when they throw up their hands in horror at 'every idle word spoken in Ireland!'" When their own Laureate suggests that the right way to deal with HER MAJESTY'S ally the CZAR is to murder him, they protest that it is absurd to talk of punishing a feather-brained poet for his foolishness. But when "the more restrained writings and speeches" of O'DONOVAN ROSSA and SCRAB NALLY are in question, "what man of authority rises in the House of Commons to dismiss theirrodomontades as 'the vapouring of a feather-brained poet?'" Having posed this question, Mr. P. O'BRIEN is doubtless sufficiently content with the outcome of his little manœuvre; though of course his satisfaction will be increased if his noisy inquiry in the House of Commons should bring down upon the Government remonstrance or "representation" from St. Petersburg.

There is little likelihood of such a result; but there are times and seasons when it might be expected almost as a matter of certainty. This the poet would do well to bear in mind whenever he feels impelled in future to pour out his indignation against the excesses of Continental despotism. They are very backward in Russia; and though the CZAR himself is a man of education, it is by no means certain that he is sufficiently cultured to draw the right distinctions between poetry and pamphleteering. Or, if the publication of an ode like Mr. SWINBURNE's happened to coincide with a bomb-explosion in the CZAR's apartments, there is no certainty that whatever perception of the difference may exist in HIS MAJESTY'S mind would not instantly disappear. Proverbially, the civilization of the Muscovite is only skin-deep; and it is quite conceivable that, under the disturbance of such circumstances as we are now hinting at, the CZAR might become blind to the poet, deaf to the charm of his art, unsubmitive to his license, and resolute in refusing to distinguish between an ode by Mr. SWINBURNE and a pamphlet by Herr MOST if they equally commended him to sacrifice by assassination. This the bard should ponder; and if, having done so, he should yet resolve to run the risk, he might then be asked to consider the annoyance he would put the Government of his country to if "strained relations" (of which he might know nothing), an accident at the Winter Palace, and the publication of a flaming ode like this in the *Fortnightly Review*, happened to be coincident.

One of the evening newspapers has announced, "on the best authority," that Mr. SWINBURNE does not intend to take any notice of what has passed in the House of Commons. His poem, it is said, "was the outcome of the intense indignation aroused in his mind on reading of 'the horrors of the Russian prison system. He has relieved his feelings, and there the matter rests. From the author's point of view, there is nothing in the poem to 'excuse or defend.'" We may hope, however, that this statement was not really written on the best, the very best, authority. That Mr. SWINBURNE's ode was the outcome of intense indignation is obvious, and that the indignation was as righteous as intense every feeling mind must acknowledge. When it is added that "there the matter rests," we welcome the information cordially—that is to say, if we are to understand that Mr. SWINBURNE proposes never to do it again. This interpretation, however, hardly squares with the statement that the author of the poem sees nothing in it to excuse or defend; for we are not to suppose him to mean that there is nothing excusable or defensible in it. To go as far as that would be a gross injustice to himself. The indignation which burns along

every line of the ode is eminently defensible; therein, indeed, he may glory. But so much of it appears quite indefensible—in art, in truth, in policy, in law—that we could almost wish the poet arraigned before some kindly court of inquiry to defend what he is said to believe void of just offence. He might be asked, for instance, whether it is good persuasive art to pass into a madness of excess in denunciation, even when what he denounces is the foul barbarity of Russian punishments:—

Since the world's wails went up from land and seas,
Ears have heard not, tongues have told not, things like these.
Dante, led by love's and hate's accordant spell,
Down the deepest and the loathliest ways of hell.

Beautiful verse, that would be true poetry if the retrospect it invites of all the horrors that have been perpetrated since the world began, and all that DANTE saw in the deepest and loathliest ways of hell, did not convict it of raving extravagance. It really would do the poet good if he were compelled to defend such excesses as these, in the cool forenoon, in plain prose, and under examination of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL or the BARON HENRY DE WORMS. He would leave the court, we are persuaded, with a clearer perception that the poet's purpose is badly served when he allows himself to romp into palpably unveracious extravagance of wrath.

ESSENCES AND ACCIDENTS.

WE cannot profess to be surprised that the circular sent by a firm of German distillers to an English wine merchant, and by him forwarded to the *Times*, should have provoked a certain amount of sarcastic comment. The contents of the communication suggest it, and its manner is an even more pressing invitation thereto. There is a delightful Teutonic directness in the way in which the distillers approach the wine merchant with their insinuating offers of "our specialties" for the manufacture of every kind of wine and spirit which the heart of man can desire. No English purveyor of such "fakements" as these—to use a word of appropriate associations—could have brought himself, we imagine, to place them before the trade in language of quite such manly frankness as these gentlemen employ. Even as the courageously outspoken "Blut-wurst" of the German stands to our own cowardly and evasive "black pudding," so stands Messrs. DELVENDAHL & KUENTZEL's recommendation of their wine and spirit essences to the obscure and timid puff with which an English practitioner of the same industry would probably endeavour to push his wares. "Cognac essence," he would, no doubt, murmur softly, and then stop; while the two gallant Berliners go on to say that "about 4 lbs. of the 'essence will serve you for 100 gallons of spirit.'" It is seven shillings a pound, so that for twenty-eight shillings you are able to lend to four hundred quarts of "spirit"—potato or other—the right, or the approximately right, Cognac flavour. As regards their "wine flavours," M^{rs}. DELVENDAHL & KUENTZEL do not quite so freely condescend upon particulars. Port-wine essence, they inform their correspondent, is supplied by them at 3s. 9d. per lb., free house London duty paid, and sherry essence 3s. 6d. per lb.; but how much of the one will enable a bottle of alcoholized sloe-juice to rub shoulders undetected with a '47 or a '51, and what amount of the latter must be mixed with bad brandy and water in order to give it the highly esteemed flavour otherwise only to be gained by a couple of voyages to the East Indies, deponents say not.

It is not, we say, surprising that this firm of distillers should have been rallied a little by our newspaper critics on the contents of their circular; but it must be remembered that at present we have only heard one side. The "parole" is now with Messrs. DELVENDAHL & KUENTZEL, and we are not at all certain that they may not be prepared with a very plausible answer. We must recollect that the Germans are a philosophically-minded people, many of whom—and among them some distillers, perhaps—have reflected deeply on the properties of matter, and have possibly penetrated further into the true inwardness of things than their somewhat superficial satirists in this country. Suppose they were suddenly to knock these merry gentlemen down with the blunt contention that the essence of anything, and therefore of a wine—its "essentia," its *ovvia*, is the thing itself, and that if the port essence, for instance, is really essence of port—as it must be presumed to be, since they say so—the bottle of "port" which is

informs us is entitled to drop its inverted commas, and that its claim to stand forth as a complete and authentic specimen of the vintage of Oporto is as indefeasible as the right of Lord PETER's bread to call itself "as true, good, natural" mutton as any in Leadenhall Market." The essence of the matter being there, everything else, the distillers may contend, is an accident.

Of course, however, the validity—even the metaphysical validity—of the defence would depend upon the question whether the essence of port, sherry, or what not, has any more than a purely nominal connexion with the wines which it thus delights to honour by the borrowing of their names. And though we have, as a matter of courtesy, assumed that the juice of the grape does enter into these essences, we cannot ignore the fact that certain passages in the circular itself suggest suspicion to the contrary of this belief. One such suggestion is somewhat unfortunately thrust upon us by the singular reference which Messrs. DELVENDAHL & KUENTZEL make to "our pure cherry juice." "It has been found," say they, in a sentence in which we seem to hear the ring of scientific surprise, "the simplest, best, and most advantageous means to prepare cherry brandy." Are we to infer from this that it was only after having ransacked the whole vegetable and mineral world for a suitable raw material from which to manufacture cherry brandy that there flashed upon Herr DELVENDAHL or Herr KUENTZEL the bright thought of using the cherry itself? The inference seems a legitimate one. "It has been found" is their phrase—the phrase of the patient experimentalist—that cherries make the best cherry brandy. We do not wish to press the argument too hard, but the obvious astonishment with which they announce this discovery suggests certain converse inferences with respect to the port and sherry essences which are of a disquieting nature.

THE DIRECTORS' LIABILITY BILL.

IT will add a finishing touch to the Session if the Directors' Liability Bill passes in the form in which it comes back from the Lords. To a layman of average intelligence it appears that, if the Bill in its present state is the only kind of Bill which should be passed to deal with this matter, then none was needed at all. If those who sent the Bill up from the Commons knew what they were talking about, then a very different stamp of measure is needed. When business is concerned the Lower House is usually informed of what it is talking about. It contains not a few men of business—and in this case they were, we seem to remember, generally favourable to the Bill, though they were certainly not unanimous. The Lords, however, for their part have agreed wonderfully. They have decided that the Bill was a bad Bill, and they have so dealt with it as we will not say to make it good, but to make a hollow ghost of it. Much the best thing which can be done with it now is to lay it with all convenient haste. In a Session in which so much has been lost, the remnants of this measure will never be missed.

A certain degree of audacity is required to differ from so many learned and noble lords on what may be represented as a question of law. No right-minded man would wish to be guilty of such misbehaviour, and yet one cannot but wonder at some of the decisions to which they came. The Bill, to take one instance, provided that directors who made misleading statements should be worried in a certain way. Their lordships struck this out in something approaching a frenzy of indignation, because it was laxly worded. Whatever, so they said, misleads is misleading. A foolish person may be misled by an absolutely honest statement, a malicious person may say he was misled; therefore an honest man might be persecuted for what he said or allowed to be said in good faith and on good grounds. It is very subtle, very. Most of us had thought that a misleading statement was a lying one meant to mislead. Moreover, we had supposed that there were courts and judges, and that persons who brought frivolous charges might be dismissed with costs. However, it seems not; and so, lest a possible fool or rogue should bring a frivolous charge, the director is still to be allowed to give the credit of his name to statements which he has not taken the smallest trouble to verify, and may roundly assert them to be true without the least risk of being called to account—unless, of course, it can be shown that he deliberately plotted the concoction of the lie. This

was, of course, fraud already. So careful were the Lords of the interests of the director that they have struck out another clause, by which he was to be called upon to show that he had reasonable ground to believe a prospectus to be true. This, it seems, would be to ask too much, because it would compel the director not only to show that he believed the expert, but to prove that the expert believed what he said when he said it—which is notoriously impossible. It also seemed to their lordships that the effect of the clause would be to confine the choice of directors in search of experts to men of known reputation—which would be bad for the prospects of young men. The young men ought to be obliged to the mild wisdom and humanity of the Law Lord, and the witty Law Lord too, who said that. To the ordinary common sense of mankind it appears that the effect of the clause would be to make honourable and right honourable guinea-pigs more cautious as to what they professed to guarantee. As for the argument that the Bill would deter honest men from becoming directors, it seems to have weight with some persons; but to us it seems to be mere words. An honest man, in any but the formal sense, does not become director of a Company unless he knows the business he is undertaking to recommend. The sort of person who dispenses with that knowledge is only honest in a legal sense, and the more effectually he can be brought to book the better. This fear for the honest man, and that other fear that the increase of risk would encourage the guinea-pig, are intelligible enough among commercial people of a certain kind. They have their reasons. Among other persons, however, they have much the look of children of the subtle, hair-splitting mind, briskly *bombinans in vacuo*, deliciously conscious of its own ingenuity. The theory that danger would encourage the guinea-pig is on all fours with the other theory that the use of the cat promotes robbery with violence. To be sure, this proposition also has been known to commend itself to the highly-trained and sagacious legal mind. It has done so this very Session—for the greater comfort of the armed burglar's back and the guinea-pigs.

THE ARMENIAN TROUBLES.

WITH the exception of an occasional lapse into folly of that kind which the Radical mistakes for nobility of temperament or superiority in virtue, the discussion of the Armenian troubles last Thursday night on the Foreign Office vote seems to have been creditably moderate and rational in its tone. We say "seems" because it may be that it owes some of its apparent merit in this respect to the excellent judgment of the reporter. Thus we observe that Sir JAMES FERGUSSON found it necessary to rebuke Mr. SCHWANN for having used language prompting the subjects of the Porte to insurrection, which, he added, was "an incitement greatly to be deprecated." So, undoubtedly, it is; and, as we do not gather that Mr. SCHWANN succeeded in effectually repudiating it, we must assume that he did actually indulge that irresistible propensity of the Radical who feels assured of the continued integrity of his own skin—and no doubt motives—to urge on other people to blood-letting on an extensive scale. The only thing is, that we find no trace of Mr. SCHWANN's clarion call to arms in any report of the speech which we have been able to consult. We cannot even find any part of a sentence which he himself acknowledges, to the effect, namely, that the Armenians were "perfectly determined to revolt if their reasonable requirements were not met," while there is literally no trace of what the UNDER-SECRETARY of STATE for FOREIGN AFFAIRS called the incendiary language used by the hon. member for Manchester with reference to risings, bloodshed, and so forth. As reported, the incendiary language of the member for Manchester might have been thrown without the slightest danger into a powder magazine; but the evidence that the reporters have been as discreet as Mr. SCHWANN was the reverse is too strong to be resisted.

Still, this seems in any case to have been a solitary aberration on his part, while his seconder, Mr. LEVESON GOWER, was almost "statesmanlike" in the tone of his observations, and little or no nonsense was talked in any quarter of the House until—though we have an uneasy feeling that this way of putting the matter involves the logical fallacy of *idem per idem*—a contribution was made to the debate by Mr. CONYREARE. The case as between the Porte and its Armenian subjects was stated with perfect

fairness and without any official "special pleading" by Sir JAMES FERGUSON, and it discloses a state of things in which even a man of the warmest humanity, if he be also a man with a modicum of common sense, must admit that English diplomacy, or even European diplomacy in its most authoritatively concerted form, can do little or nothing. It is the fact that the Armenians have undergone many acts of brutal cruelty, and suffered much from the continual descent of the turbulent population of the mountains on the people of the plains. It is *not* the fact that the Ottoman Government have used no efforts to protect its subjects in these regions, or that these efforts have been altogether fruitless. On the other hand, while it is the fact that the aggressors have been chastised to the extent, at any rate, that "many examples have been made of those who have committed raids," it is *not* the fact that punishment has kept pace with outrage, or that adequate and adequately disciplined forces have been brought to bear upon the work of protecting its victims. When that is said, however, all is said. And nothing that can be of the slightest service remains to be done, except to persevere, as our Foreign Government Office is doing at present, in the application of judicious and friendly pressure, not unaccompanied by encouragement at Constantinople, with the view of ensuring that at least such efforts as the weak Government of the SULTAN has hitherto been able to make for the repression of these abuses shall not be relaxed. But the exploded Radical nostrum of "bullying the Pashas," and the more contemptible and dangerous course of pushing Russia forward to bully them on behalf of Europe, must not be allowed to recover even temporary favour. The SULTAN must be approached in a different spirit if good, and not evil, is to come of diplomatic intervention; and the less that is said about Russia, let alone about "Russian troops massed upon the Armenian frontier," the better. It was not Mr. Bryce who was guilty of this last-quoted piece of oratorical imprudence; but he had, we venture to think, a great deal too much to say about Russia in his otherwise sensible speech, and at one particular part his reference to her, at this of all moments, was singularly maladroit. To say that the Government of Russia was "in this matter, at any rate"—this matter being the matter of ruling subjects of an alien race and religion—"infinitely better than the Government of Turkey," is surely a strangely incautious remark to be made just now by a politician so observant of public opinion at home and abroad as Mr. Bryce.

VÉZELAY.

THOSE who know the country parts of France well will scarcely aver that there is any central department which presents more features of general interest to the intelligent tourist than the Yonne, with its copious streams, abrupt chalky cliffs, and elevated villages. The unevenness of the surface of the country increases and the land takes bolder forms the further south we go, till on the borders of Nièvre we find ourselves in the Morvan itself, in the melancholy and sentimental solitudes of the Black Forest of France. On the frontier of the Morvan the rocks are thrown into the form of what may almost be called mountains, and each has a natural terrace commanding a view of the double gorge below. In a district so well provided with magnificent sites not a few ancient villages and towns retain, at all events from a distance, their mediæval character, and in a thinly-peopled country present the air of beacons or fortified cities. But when they are examined, they are found to be the mere shells of what they once were. When the Counts of Auxerre were jostling their neighbours, the Counts of Tonnerre, when the villages in the valleys were liable to pillage from such bands of robbers as the famous Grandes Compagnies of the fourteenth and the Écorcheurs of the fifteenth century, it was necessary that the well-to-do part of the population, with its priests and its burghers, should be pressed within the walls of a city set on a hill. But since the middle ages the population of these mountain towns has gradually been dispersed, leaving to the architectural nut but little of its kernel. Of these dead cities of the Yonne, by far the most interesting is Vézelay.

There is still no railway to Vézelay, and the traveller who visits it has choice of two admirable, but very distinct, approaches as he walks or drives. If he comes from the west, from Clamecy, after a long and somewhat monotonous journey through an empty country, with hill-sides "redder than the fox," he suddenly sees, over a meadow in the foreground, a conical mountain, crowded with dark buildings, and surmounted by a gigantic church. As he approaches it, the mountain is seen to be of a less fabulous isolation, and the road winds up, past vineyards and apple-orchards, by an easy and not particularly curious ascent.

But if the traveller arrives from the east—that is to say, from Avallon—long before he reaches Vézelay, as his road descends into the romantic chasm through which the Cure foams, he sees far away on his right hand the vast church crowning the conical hill, but has to traverse many a winding league of road, and to pass through the village of St. Père—whose exquisite thirteenth-century church is at this moment groaning in the violent hands of the restorer—before he reaches the foot of the hill of Vézelay. Then, with an abrupt turn to the left, comes the slow ascent of the mystical mountain, with its long line of old houses, brown and white, peeping over the crest of the cliff, and terminated by the towers of the great church; an ascent unrivalled in France, or perhaps anywhere but in Italy, for the unbroken mediæval character of its features. Thus, or not much otherwise, must Vézelay have looked when St. Bernard preached the Second Crusade before Louis VII. and his vassals; thus, when Richard Cœur de Lion met Philippe Auguste under the florid portals; thus, when Théodore de Beza, a child of strange thoughts and words, played about in its streets. We enter, and are in a little ordinary French town of the fourth class; it is in its walls and clustering buildings and external line of life that Vézelay has preserved its unique charm of twelfth-century picturesqueness.

The famous monastery of Vézelay was founded, according to the common statement, in 821, but probably a generation later, by Gérard de Roussillon; its founder transferred to its Benedictines all his own rights of property in the town and in its inhabitants, securing for the Abbey the remarkable privilege of complete temporal and ecclesiastical independence. The monks of Vézelay acknowledged no master but the Pope, and they elected their abbots without requiring any other approbation than that of the sovereign pontiff. The mutual jealousy of the Bishops of Autun and the Counts of Nevers preserved the balance of the liberties of Vézelay during the first two centuries of its weakness and obscurity. Gradually the increasing crowds of pilgrims who came to pray at the tomb of Mary Magdalen, whose relics had been brought out of Provence to Vézelay, raised the jealousy of Autun to a climax. The Pope was appealed to, and the fate of the Abbey hung in the balance. A Papal decision of 1103 maintained the absolute independence of Vézelay, and the great celebrity of the mountain-church began to set in. This decision tallied with the architectural prestige of the place; the gigantic basilica, in its original Romanesque form, of which the nave alone now survives, was just crowning the topmost terrace of granite when the Papal decree was issued, and in 1106 the warlike Abbot Arnaud completed this splendid work. But his arrogance had driven his own townspeople to revolt, and in the very year that his church was finished the Vézéliens rose in arms; and, though they spared the church which covered the bones of the Magdalen, they burned the monastery and murdered the Abbot.

The twelfth century, in spite of this misfortune, was one glorious in the annals of Vézelay. When, in 1146, Louis VII. appointed a general meeting of Christendom for Easter of the next year, Pope Eugenius III. appointed St. Bernard to be his delegate at the shrine of the Magdalen. The visitor may well recreate for himself, as he climbs the quaint path and looks up to the crested slope, that wonderful Easter morning when the eyes of all Europe were fixed on Vézelay, when the rocky slopes would not contain the surging crowds, and when Bernard and the King of France appeared on their high platform of wood, silhouetted against the sky, and scattered crosses of their garments to the fanatics below—"coeperunt," as the old chronicler says, "undique clamando cruce, cruce expetere." This was but one, though perhaps the most dramatic, of the moments in which Vézelay became the centre of the spiritual heart of mediæval Europe. Twenty years later it saw Thomas à Becket, on the morning of Pentecost, solemnly pronounce excommunication on the creatures of Henry II., in the midst of a crowd of pilgrims by whom his burning words were immediately dispersed through the length and breadth of Christendom. A quarter of a century later still it witnessed the devotion of two great kings and the start-word of the Third Crusade. Three times, at least, it was the scene of solemn ceremonials conducted under the direction of St. Louis in person.

Of all this peculiar sanctity, of this almost papal sovereignty and isolated authority, whatever remains in the sentiment of the town is centred around the vast and extraordinary church, without question one of the finest relics of architecture in a country singularly rich in such remains. But for the siege and capture of Vézelay by the Huguenots in 1569, it is difficult to say in how perfect a condition the Abbey church might not have come down to us. The mutilations and profanations which it endured then, and again from the Revolution in 1793, have not been sufficient to destroy its majestic character or interfere with the solemn beauty of its outline. They have left almost untouched its most remarkable features. The *narther*, or outer church, set apart for penitents and for catechumens, and separated from the nave by a wall pierced by exquisitely carved portals, dates from the twelfth century, and is perhaps the most remarkable of its rather rare class in France; when the doors are flung open, and the whole church is displayed at its full length, the effect is grandiose beyond comparison. The visitor, nevertheless, will be apt to wish that he could have seen the basilica before it was swept and garnished by the learned ingenuity of Viollet-le-Duc, from whose hands it has come to us as clean as a new penny, with all the record of age removed from its stones, with every venerable sign copied or forged, and with the quaint

historic charm wiped out for ever. The restoration has been carried out with reverence. There is nothing here of that colossal falsification, that destruction of the very substance of the past, which made the late M. Abbadie the pride of the Institute and the scourge of French mediæval architecture. If such work had to be done, and it is said that the very existence of the mighty church was in danger, into no better hands could Vézelay fall than those of Viollet-le-Duc. Still, the sentimental traveller sighs for the brown stains on the old Burgundian stone, the grain of smoke in the capitals, the very lichens in the monolithic columns of the choir. Without these incidents of colour, all which are far more ruthlessly swept away by French than by English architects, it is hard to restore the genuine impression of antiquity.

Marvellous must have been the aspect of the town when the Abbey basilica was only the most vast and splendid of its numerous edifices. Of the Abbey itself but a ruin remains within the circuit of a garden wall; of the Castle, only the foundations give solidity to a promenade which looks down towards Avallon and the distant undulations of the Morvan. Of the once-famous seven gates of Vézelay, the situation of three may still be traced, and through the debased relics of one of them, the Porte du Barle, the visitor still climbs up into the town by the road which the processions of pilgrims took in the twelfth century. The Porte-Neuve, which stands a little further to the north, still retains something of its sixteenth-century character. Even of the great towers which flanked the church, two have disappeared, and the spires of those which remain have fallen. The days of the magnificence of Vézelay are gone for ever; the aspect of its streets is desolate, its vast church is scarcely filled even at the most solemn offices. But its pathetic interest as a monument of a most curious phase of spiritual life in the middle ages can but steadily increase. Under the protection of the Government, the effacement of its buildings will proceed no further, and its empty shell will for centuries more rise in pointed picturesqueness out of the Burgundian plain, evoking in the mind of those who approach it visions of thronging pilgrims, and monarchs pale from vigil, and the religious life beating out into Europe from its mountain gates, as blood pulses from the valves of the living heart.

THE TWELFTH.

IT is said that the grouse on one of the Ross-shire moors have begun to suffer from tapeworm. That is sinister news, for there is reason to think that tapeworm is the mysterious grouse disease in its first stage; but sportsmen generally have no reason to be alarmed. The period of the year within which the disease is apt to break out at large is almost past, and a case of it here and there need not be regarded with apprehension. Indeed, the latest tidings is that in Dumfriesshire, in Forfarshire, in Ayrshire, and on the Yorkshire highlands, certain moors on which were slightly affected two or three weeks ago, the warm sunshine of these recent days has improved the state of affairs as if by magic. Resembling trout, which vanish when the stream becomes abnormally low, grouse, it seems, are able to conceal themselves when danger threatens from the clouds. In the middle of this week keepers in Caithness and in Argyllshire made haste to report, in amazement, that moors which they had "walked" in despair the week before had suddenly become plenished with large coveys of healthy birds. Similarly, there is hope of heavy bags on moors in Kincardineshire, in Forfarshire, and in other counties which were so severely scourged last year that their owners had no hope of seeing a gun upon them in the subsequent autumn. The North of England moors are so much more fully stocked than usual that Lord Walsingham may be expected to beat his own celebrated record. The stories from across the Channel are not so pleasant. There is no disease on the Irish moors; but there are patriots who, from sheer love of country, burn the heather before the broods are on the wing, and poachers with whom the gamekeepers have only begun to cope successfully.

The Arctic rigours which produced a snowstorm in Argyllshire on July 8 were so persistent until the beginning of this week, that, grown strong through practice against the tempests, the grouse everywhere are wild. Here and there they actually began to pack ten days ago; and, although the belated breezes may coax them back into seasonable segregation, it is probable that the dogs will be ordered aside, and the beaters made to come forth, soon after the season has begun. That is not altogether nice, for walking up to your birds is certainly the most sportsmanlike procedure; but it cannot be helped. If man may not go to the grouse, the grouse must be driven to the man. There are persons who speak evil of driving, as if it were an incident in the stress of reform which extends enfranchisement and sends the army to the dogs, sir; but we cannot march with them quite in step. Driving is not an invention of fallen man, like human hymns or harmoniums in the synagogues of Dissent. It is the inevitable result of the policy of the grouse themselves. Time was when one could shoot over dogs until October; but that time is as obsolete as the Positivist Calendar since the advent of Mr. Elsmere in the temple of Bloomsbury. The thoughts of grouse have been widening with

the ranks of the gentlemen who hire moors. The birds look forward to the Twelfth with as much interest as the sportsmen who have made agreements in the offices of the land agents, or as the gunmakers who discover the choke-bore and otherwise develop the devilish enginery of war. In short, even as one cannot basket a brace of Lochleven trout for the ten brace over which one's fathers used to make cursory remarks to Captain Hall, one cannot nowadays shoot over dogs with results satisfactory to the natural man. We admit that this is deplorable, for all old-time methods are necessarily charming; but we admit no more. There is nothing unsportsmanlike in the grouse drive. "Shooting into the brown" is not practised by any man likely to be a guest at the lodge. It would not harm the birds if it were tried. Unlike the partridge, grouse do not cleave the air with the solidarity of Ancient Druids, Atheists, and Gospel Temperance units on their triumphant way to the Park. They are as self-centred as the cat, and the man who does not aim at one of them will miss them all. In good sooth, it seems to us that the objection to driving is akin to Sir Herbert Maxwell's reproof of what, in *Blackwood*, he calls "the battue." We should prefer to walk round the covert when we go forth to shoot the pheasant; but, as the pheasant will not come out unless the loud whoop-halloo of the beater coerces him, we take our stand in the corner with gratitude. Sir Herbert is invited to realize that complaint of not having been born a hundred years ago is not becoming in an honourable member who supports Sir George Trevelyan's proposal to redistribute our legislators' periods of work and of holiday in the interests of modern thought.

There are, it is understood, certain earnest persons who feel that, like the Welsh tithes, the moors and the mountains really ought to be put to uses more in accord with the tastes of electors vested in the inalienable right to have their own opinions on everything from the mutiny in the Guards to the theory of the multiplication table. It is to the credit of those persons that they are not very vocal over the grievance. This shows they have the sense to realize that the nature of things, which Porson damned in vain, is not to be changed even in these days of liberty and equality in holding with Mr. Cunningham Graham. It shows that they have not forgotten the Duke of Argyll's statistical proof, in the *Nineteenth Century*, that the Border tenantry of Lord Napier and Ettrick, who had averred in the *Contemporary* that grouse moors and deer forests meant the expatriation of the Celt, lived much more miserably than the Highlanders, said to have been driven from hearth and home, were living on their native heath. It shows, also, that the evidence which was recently taken by the Select Committee on Deer Forests and Sheep Farms has not been without effect on the public mind. In short, the facts of the matter are now generally known to confute the baleful ravings of the agitators. The Highlands are not being depopulated. It is true that many Gaels live in the cities; but that is simply because they themselves did not prefer the glens. The Highlands are more populous by 23·3 per cent. than they were fifty years ago. To say that all Highlanders could live in the Highlands if it were not for the enclosures of forests and the preservation of the moors for grouse-breeding is a falsehood under which the stoutest stand in a Radical demonstration would nowadays quail and collapse with shame. The Highlanders who went to the industrial towns did so because heath and rock could not produce food enough to keep them alive. There is only one arable acre in each thousand acres now used for the purposes of sport; and, even if all the Highlanders in the world became disciples of the fasting man, that one acre would speedily become the saddest object of their contemplation. Happily, it is not the Highlanders who constitute the "movement" which has been arrested by the facts published abroad at the instance of Parliament. Having tried to live in the disputed regions, into which the leaders of their Land League never penetrated, they have always known that, while the Highlands cannot be made profitable even by the sheep-farmer, they can be made by the game-preserver to support many more natives in comfort than ever dwelt on them amid any conditions whatsoever. The rents now are three times greater than the rents of Dr. Clark's good old times a hundred and fifty years ago. They will be greater still, and the native population will multiply and thrive at a braver rate than ever, in strict arithmetical accordance with the progress of the science of cultivating and preserving deer and grouse and the salmon-kind. Grouse being the topic of the hour, the doctrine that the peregrine, the merlin, and other birds of prey should not be treated as "vermin" may be noted with respect. The "Festival of Saint Grouse," in which the saint is slain, seems an anomaly; but the contradiction in terms enfolds a truth akin to that which justified the Aryan savages' custom of slaying the King of the Wood, the priest of Aricia. The god was slain on the sound consideration that if he were allowed to die a natural death his successor would bequeath an enfeebled soul. It is reasonable to suppose that in the economy of Nature the hawks are intended to kill the senile and the ailing game, which when left alone bequeath a degenerating disease to the species. Let us hope, then, that henceforth the peregrine and the merlin will be allowed their due share in "the Festival of Saint Grouse."

"THE TRUTH OFF THE SORDE, BY THE MARQUIS
OFF NEWCASTLE."

ONE hears a great deal about the careful accuracy and painstaking research of modern historical writers; but any one who has occasion to hunt through the MS. department of the British Museum cannot fail to be astonished at the vast numbers of important documents which lie there, wrapped in oblivion, unprinted, unread, unknown. Of such a document, accidentally discovered, the following is a brief notice.

The MS. in question has been omitted by Mr. Castle in his recent careful and detailed catalogue of fencing works, and by Mr. Firth in his otherwise admirable article on the author, William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Its author is no less a person than the "loyal Duke of Newcastle," who suffered so much for King Charles, and whose fame as a horseman has survived even to the present day. It is Harl. 4206, and is wrongly described in the Catalogue (which erroneous description is probably the cause of its having been overlooked), its real title being written inside the first leaf. "The Truth off the Sorde, by the Marquis off Newcastle." The following verses are headed, "This is for the frontispiece for the sorde or Booke off wepons":—

Heer fortitude's well orderde whatt to doe,
Butt Hercules neare faughte yett agaynst too
Truth a Cleare flame devine shines like brighte daye
Falschoode a misleadinge fire frome truthe waye
Wisdomme thinges justlye wayes with Egles sighte
Follye moste Bussarde like thinkes wronge is righte
Knowledge demonstrates thatt none can denie itt
Bolde Ignorance oposes Scornes to trye itt
And simple nature Inosente heer Lies
Till arte and Shee shake handes so both made wise.

His lordship either was dissatisfied with these lines, or wished to add a poetical tailpiece to his volume; for in other parts occur first a draft, and then a fair copy of some more stanzas, which run as follows:—

For Fensinge
If keepe the plane, the line thatt is the Center
Fight thus butt once none more with you will venter
An Independent thus your Arte & Scill
Nott fowlowe him butt hee forste to your will
You have the powre the time the place the strength
Still hids him Gratis & your Sorde the Length
Ande iff hee dares butt stande soone Endes the strife
Bloud drawinge still so Endinge off his Life.

I wishe the byghte off this Arte you maye have
Butt doubt itt will bee Buried in my Grave.

Throughout the work the Marquess shows the disregard for spelling instanced by these lines, and his wife tells us (*Life of Wm Cavendish*, 1667. Bk. III. chap. 8), "Though he was sent to the University, and was a Student of St. John's Colledg in Cambridge and had his Tutors to instruct him, yet they could not perswade him to read or study much, he taking more delight in sports then in learning."

The dedication is "To my deely Beloved Sons Charles The Lorde Viscount Mansfeilde & Lorde Henerye Cavendysse," and in it the Marquess desires them to study the art of fence as "iff nott the onlye yett I dare saye the Hieste & fitteste profession for a Gentleman," at the same time warning them against too ready a use of their skill in private "Dewell." Then come long discourses, the main object of most of them being the defeat of that popular notion against which all the old masters had to contend—namely, that an unskilled but valiant man could fight successfully with an expert swordsman. On one page is an erased paragraph dealing with all the "wayes off Scill off the Sorde hetherto knowne," in which mention is made of many famous masters—"Caranza" (Don Jeronimo de Carranza), "Don Lewis" (Don Luis Pacheco de Narvaez), "Antonio and the Moore off Spayne" (perhaps Don Francisco Antonio Ettenhard—but who was the Moor of Spain?), and "Tibott the Dutchman" (Girard Thibault of Antwerp). After this and an apology for the shortcomings of some illustrations which were in Newcastle's hands at the time, but which have now vanished, comes what is perhaps the most interesting chapter in the whole work—the Marquess's advice on "Whatt blades are beste, those thatt I shoulde wishe you to chuse." Some portions are of the greatest interest to modern students of arms. Here are some extracts:—

Of all blades the olde Spanishe blades are the beste as for exsample these folowinge olde masters:—

Sahagum, Sahagum 1/	Juan Martinez 5/
Sahagum el diecio 2/	Tomas de Ayala 6/
Alonso de Sahagum 3/	Francisco Ruiz 7/
Pedro de Toro 4/	Juan de La Orta 8/

There are many more good Spanishe Masters butt neyther so good nor so olde as these are. The olde blades are so rare to gett Even in Spayne thatt theye are both hilleye Estemed & att grente prizes In Spayne ten & twelve pistolls a blade as I have been informde by verry Honorable Persons—the newe blades thatt are made in Spayne are of litle Estemation, both because theye can nott give the righte temper nor indeed the shape. Ther use to bee good blades made in Italeye as att Milane, Pitchemino and other places butt the good Masters are worne oute.

The Morions [read "Moors"] head weare nill blades thatt weare made in Germanye butt for newe blades trewlye ther was never better made then was att Hounslowe heath in Englande.

The Marquess then warns his readers against forgeries, and adds:—

I knewe an Exselente & knowinge Cuttler Thatt had the greateste

Tradinge off anye in London & with the Greateste Persons & the Experiense off fivtye yeares thatt was notably Cosende with three hounslowe Blades for three Spanishe blades Ande Coste his purse accordinglye.

As regards the test of a blade he says:—

The trialls off them comonlye is to laye a well-riveted Shirte off Male upon a Cushion & so run att itt with a thruste. . . . The Comon triall is upon an Andiron with blowes & Another triall thatt Is nott amise which is to sett the poynte agaynst a wale or wanscote the sorde in your right hande & bende itt one waye In your righte hande & wher the bente is bende itt the Contrarye waye with your left hande so beinge bente towre severall wayes stronglye att one time iff itt bee nott a verry good blade itt will nott holde.

Space forbids us to linger, but the whole chapter is full of information on the modes, &c., of manufacture at the time; the Marquess giving directions for choosing hilt, scabbard, &c.

When at last his lordship comes to the actual enunciation of his system, he is mainly remarkable for longwindedness and tautology, but his description of his "guard" is intelligible:—"First I put my thumbe upon the Sword & clasp my fingers round about the handle which is the fastest holding the Sword And hold itt flatt because I use both edges And hold my hand in the middle of my Body the Sword directly crosse beyond my Body & walke to his sword hand obliquely one Legge after another the right Legg cominge a Little before the Left & ye Left Legg a Little wide & oblique my hand allwayes ayminge at his Sword hand Lookinge allwayes at his hand wth both my Eyes w^{ch} keepe my Body almost even & brode to his hand onely the right [read "left"] shoulder a Little before." "This oblique walkinge," he tells us, "is to gett behinde him w^{ch} he will never suffer so halfe beyond him serves your turne to wound him." He then proceeds to develop a method of attack which is certainly unique. Here are specimen paragraphs:—"But that w^{ch} is the mayne businesse is the power of the Sword which belongs to the shoulders And those shoulders absolutely belonginge eyther to the inside or outside of the Sword and this is ye true strength & Power. . . . Then you must understand that the right shoulder masters the inside of the Sword & belongs onely to it And the left shoulder to the outside of the sword and belongs onely to it and will master their owne sides these Shoulders eyther standing still or goeing to the Sword." "This posture," he declares, "on the outside of his Sword & the outside of myne wth my left shoulder a litle in, brode to his hand, putting his poynt a litle from my Body & from the Conjuncture of the sword makes me that I can throw it downe if he stay As I have told you and if he thrusts from the Conjuncture of the swords to my hand makes me defend it and then being wth in my sword, the right shoulder as I told you formerly belongs to that side so that I bring in my right shoulder wth putting up & out my hand wth the poynt downe w^{ch} gets my inside of my hand to the outside of his always stepping wth my right or left legge upon all the motions eyther he or I doe . . ." As to distance, he observes:—"You have three distances, one out of distance of the Sword, the second when you have touched the Sword thatt yo^r poynt would goe over his hilt And the third distance to hit his Body." In brief, his system is based upon two points—the power of the high-tierce guard (Angelo's "feather-parade") and the Spanish "destreza" or fighting cock principle of walking round the enemy to get the weathergauge. His guard, as given above, is, to all intents and purposes, the "tierce-engage" of Captain Hutton's sabre-play. Sheltered behind this, the Marquess closes on his enemy diagonally; then suddenly straightens his arm and hits. A cut or thrust on the outside is easily parried; should the enemy disengage and thrust inside, the thrust is parried to the outside with the flat of the blade. This parrying with the flat is due to the method of gripping the sword with the "thumbe upon the Sword"—i.e. on the flat of the sword or ricasso. The same principles are followed on the inside guard, and when the enemy presents his left side, &c.

But a curious point is this. Newcastle nowhere tells his reader how to oppose this guard. He treats his adversary as invariably using the Spanish ward, with the sword held straight out horizontally, level with the shoulder. But, supposing two persons meet and engage in combat, each adopting the Marquess's guard and mode of fight, they must necessarily circle round each other indefinitely, since neither can gain the second distance "when you have touched the Sword thatt yo^r poynt would goe over his hilt."

Faulty as this system may be in theory, there is no doubt that, applied by a bold and cool man, it would be frequently successful in practice. It was this necessary element of audacity and energy which drew forth Ben Jonson's epigram "To William, Earl of Newcastle, on his fencing" (v. Cunningham's *Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. ix.) Of the effective use of this system here is an historical instance. The Duchess of Newcastle says (*Life of Wm Cavendish*, Book III. chap. 15):—"In the Art of Weapons (in which he has a method beyond all that ever were famous in it, found out by his own Ingenuity and Practice) he never taught anybody, but the now Duke of Buckingham, whose Guardian He hath been, and his own two sons"; and, under date 17th January, 1663, Pepys writes:—

Much discourse of the duell yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and one Jenkins on one side and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard on the other side; and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is at this time and hath for a great while been a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barne Elmes and there fought; and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast

through the shoulder, and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his arms: and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all in a little measure wounded.

The injury indicated by Pepys—a thrust through the right shoulder—is the one most easy to inflict from Newcastle's outside guard.

It is certain that, though it was originally undertaken only for the instruction of his sons, Newcastle intended to print this work when completed. Why he abandoned this design, and stopped short in his labours (as he has done) at the end of the eighth book, it is now impossible to say; but it may be conjectured that the task was one of the means used to beguile the weary hours of exile, and was interrupted by the Restoration and the consequent return of the Marquess to England.

THE RISE IN THE BANK RATE.

THE rise in the Bank rate last week disagreeably surprised bill-brokers and discount-houses, and naturally, therefore, there is grumbling amongst them. So high a rate is very unusual at this time of the year; the drain of gold to the Continent had come to an end, and the metal was being attracted from New York in considerable amounts; consequently, they argue, the change was unnecessary. But all this only means that the bill-brokers and discount-houses were not prepared for the advance, and are therefore put out in their calculations. The Directors of the Bank not only had good reasons for the step they took, but they are to be commended for the promptitude with which they acted. Even bill-brokers and discount-houses will hardly maintain that an advance to 5 per cent., had it not taken place last week, would soon become necessary, and most people will agree that what had to be done is best done at a time when it promises to be most effectual. The point of real importance is that the stock of gold held by the Bank of England at present is smaller even than that held twelve months ago, which experience proved to be dangerously inadequate. And last week, when the Directors assembled at the Bank, they learnt that a portion of the gold which was supposed to be coming from New York to London had been diverted to South America. They also were informed that on that very day 100,000*l.* was to be taken out for South Africa, and that preparations were being made for the withdrawal, in the course of a few days, of at least 300,000*l.* for Buenos Ayres. Thus the supply which they expected from New York was suddenly cut off, and at the same time a considerable diminution was being made in the stock in their possession. The most serious part of the matter was the withdrawals for Buenos Ayres. It was very naturally assumed in the City that the revolutionary movement would prevent gold shipments. When there was actual fighting in the streets no man's property could be deemed secure; and it seemed highly improbable, therefore, that capitalists would risk more by sending out gold. Apparently, however, the European banks doing business in the Argentine Republic felt themselves compelled to strengthen their reserves. Between political disturbances and financial discredit even the best managers found it incumbent upon them to make preparations against contingencies. It is understood, therefore, that the 300,000*l.* to be withdrawn from the Bank of England was for European banks doing business in the Argentine Republic. But if the banks found it necessary to do this in the midst of revolution, they may have to take more by-and-by. Besides, it was understood that the Government of the province of Buenos Ayres insisted upon receiving in gold part of the purchase-money of the Western Railway which was sold some months ago. It is said that it is to receive two or three millions, and as nobody knows how much it may decide to take in gold, the fact that it requires any was sufficient to justify the Directors of the Bank of England in at once taking measures to protect their reserve.

Unfortunately the joint stock and private banks do not seem disposed to support the Bank of England. As our readers are aware, the funds they employ in lending and discounting consist mainly of the deposits made with them. They attract deposits by paying interest on all sums lodged with them, and formerly they were in the habit of allowing upon deposits 1 per cent. less than the Bank of England's rate of discount. A short time ago they changed the rate, and now allow only 1½ per cent. less than the Bank rate. In other words, on Thursday of last week they decided to allow on deposits only 3½ per cent. Therefore, there is a margin or difference of 1½ per cent. between what they allow on deposits and the Bank rate, and consequently they can underbid the Bank, and yet make a handsome profit. In ordinary times they are, of course, justified in doing this. But these are not ordinary times. It is of the greatest importance to the joint stock and private banks as well as to the Bank of England that the Bank's reserve should be promptly and largely increased, and therefore it is the duty of the joint stock and private banks to help to make the 5 per cent. rate effective. They would show they were willing to do this if they had allowed 4 per cent. on deposits. For then they could not make much profit if they largely underbid the Bank. On the other hand, the bill-brokers and discount-houses decided to allow 4 per cent. for money at call, and 4½ per cent. for money at notice. Apparently, their object in offering so much more than the banks allow was to attract from the banks the money of country bankers

which is kept in London for employment. If they succeed in this, they will teach the joint stock and private banks a much needed lesson, that will show them that in their eagerness to combat the Bank of England they only play into the hands of the bill-brokers and discount-houses. However this may be, it is to be hoped that the Bank of England will do whatever may be necessary to make the 5 per cent. rate effective. It is not so as yet, but it cannot have the result expected unless it is made so. Therefore it is to be hoped that the Bank of England will borrow on Consols enough to reduce the supply of loanable capital in the outside market, and thereby to force up outside rates. It is often said that this counsel is unwise, as the London money market is too large to be cornered, and that if money is made artificially dear here the only result will be that Continental bankers will begin to compete more eagerly for English bills. But the Bank of England as matters stand at present has no other way of acting quickly and powerfully upon the market. Besides, we do not ourselves attach very much importance to the competition of Continental bankers. Those bankers have in the first place to supply the demands of their own customers at home, and whatever surplus they may have after doing that is too small very materially to affect rates in the London market.

Assuming that the Bank takes the necessary measures, and that the 5 per cent. rate is made effective, what probability is there that enough of gold will be attracted from abroad to enable us to pass through the autumn without serious stringency. Apparently we can obtain a large amount from New York. Last week nearly a million and a quarter sterling was ordered for shipment, and a considerable amount had been shipped previously. The Associated Banks of New York, it is true, have not large reserves; but the stock of gold in the Treasury is enormous. It exceeds 64 millions sterling. Mr. Windom, the Secretary of the Treasury, had expressed a strong determination to prevent large gold withdrawals, and it was held, therefore, that as soon as a drain upon a considerable scale began he would ask Congress to authorize him to prevent it. But as yet he has not done so, probably because the American public is not disquieted by the shipments. Formerly the export of a couple of millions sterling from New York caused apprehension, because the market itself was poorly supplied, and had no means of replenishing itself at the expense of the Treasury. But the circumstances are different now. In the first place, as our readers know, the new Silver Act comes into operation next week; then there will be a very large issue of Treasury notes every month, which will be freely accepted in the West and South, at all events, and consequently will lessen the drain of money from New York to move the crops that always takes place there in August and September. Secondly, the Act requires the Secretary of the Treasury to use, as part of his available assets, the funds which used to be kept locked up in the Treasury for the redemption of bank-notes, and which exceed 11 millions sterling. In anticipation of this provision the Secretary of the Treasury has been buying bonds on an unusually large scale for some weeks past, and the purchases will not this year, as they used to do formerly, accumulate money in the Treasury. For all the money paid in by the banks to redeem their outstanding notes will at once be paid out again under the new Act in redemption of bonds. In two ways, therefore, the new Act will relieve the New York money market. It will increase the currency by the issue of notes in payment for silver, and it will return to the market moneys which had been locked up for the redemption of notes which might not be presented for payment for years to come, if, indeed, for ever. That being so there is a strong probability that the New York money market will continue very easy for the remainder of the year, and naturally, therefore, the public look on with equanimity whilst gold is being exported. If the present feeling continues, it seems not improbable that three or four millions sterling may be obtained from New York. It seems probable, too, that some gold may be got from Paris. For the Paris Exchange is now above the gold-exporting point. But as the Bank of France charges a premium for the metal of 4½ per mille, not much is likely to be got from it. A little too may be got from other countries. If we can retain what we thus get the outlook for the autumn will be satisfactory. But it is quite uncertain whether we can do so. The authorities in Buenos Ayres are very anxious to get gold. It is understood that pressure is being brought to bear upon them by the great financial houses in London to prevent them from taking it; but whether that pressure will succeed nobody knows. If gold is merely brought here to be taken away again the present state of anxiety will continue, and, therefore, it is all the more important that the Bank of England should take whatever measures may be necessary to keep up the rate of discount in the open market to the point at which it will be improbable that gold will be taken.

SPYTTY.

THERE are several Spytty's, but the particular Spytty of which we write is that once most notorious Spytty—Spytty, or Yspytty, Jevan or Ivan. If any one should be so ignorant as to be unaware of the exact whereabouts of Spytty Jevan, we may inform him that it is not far from Cerrig-y-drudion, and, for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with the British language, we may observe that Spytty is pronounced Spuddy. A sixteenth-century writer said that, in the days of his great-grandfather,

"a wasps' nest" which troubled considerable portions of Denbighshire, Carnarvonshire, and Merionethshire was fostered at Spytty Jevan, a lordship belonging to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, about nine miles, as the crow flies, from Bala, Llanrwst, and Ffestiniog. This lordship of the Knights Hospitallers enjoyed the privilege of sanctuary. It is, however, but fair to say that there is no reason for supposing that the Knights were in the very slightest degree responsible for the behaviour of the outlaws who availed themselves of it. "This peculiar jurisdiction," wrote Sir John Wynne, "not governed by the king's lawes, became a receptacle of thieves and murderers, who safely being warranted there by law, made the place thoroughly peopled." It became, in fact, a den of thieves. "Noe spot within twenty miles was safe from their incursions and robberies." Moreover, it served as a place for the reception of stolen goods; for "what they got within their limits was their owne." Like more modern banditti, they received assistance from people who were supposed to be respectable in the surrounding country. "They had to their backstay friends and receptors in all the county of Merioneth," as well as in a great part of Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, and Carnarvonshire.

An ancient deed, executed about two hundred years before the time of the author from whom we have been quoting, lies before us. By this instrument a Knight of St. John, named Frater Robertus de Normanton, Custodian of Halston, a place in Shropshire better known in later days as the home and the scene of many of the wild adventures of the famous Jack Mytton, gave a lease of Yspytty to one Heylin ap Rees ap David ap Rees, with the grange or farm, and all tithes and offerings made to the church, except "the oblations, obventions, and profits accruing to the said Church on the Vigils and the days of St. John the Baptist with the nights of the same." Perhaps the murderers had not yet established themselves in the sanctuary, otherwise we fancy that Yspytty Ivan would have remained a long time on the estate-agent's hands unlet, in spite of its oblations, obventions, and profits.

It was probably later than the date of this deed, most likely soon after Owen Glendower had endeavoured to make a waste of North Wales in order that it might prove uninhabitable for the English, that the greatest blackguards of the Principality established themselves in the Sanctuary of Spytty Jevan. The Wars of the Roses, which had been fiercely fought in North Wales as well as elsewhere, had disorganized the country and rendered it a happy hunting-ground for thieves and vagabonds; and it was probably owing to the fact that the bands of adventurers, who found themselves without employment when these wars were over, considered the wild district in question well suited as a centre for marauding purposes, rather than to any special privileges of sanctuary, that Yspytty Jevan was selected for a home by the wickedest of wicked Welshmen. Whether any of the neighbours were bold enough to go to church at the shrine of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem at Yspytty Ivan, history does not tell us—by the way, we should imagine that the offertories there at that time can scarcely have been worth farming—but possibly the knights and their clergy had deserted the place altogether. We learn from the *History of the Gwydir Family* that Meredith ap Jevan ap Robert, who did good service at the siege of Tournai, and went twice to Rome, went to live at Dolwyddelan Castle, not very far from Yspytty, and that he "removed the church," which used to stand in a wood, to "the place where now it is, being parte of the possessions of the priory of Bethkelert," building it very much stronger than it was before and in an open plain; having good "reason for the same, because the country was wild, and he might be oppressed by his enemies"—the thieves and murderers from Spytty—"on the suddaine, in that woodie country." Even when he had built his new temple, "he durst not goe to church on a Sunday" without leaving a strong guard of men in his house, with the "doores sure barred and bolted," and placing a watchman on a rock, from whence he could see both the church and the house and "raise the crie" in case of need. Although protected on his expeditions to church by twenty strong archers, he had to keep the fact of his intended devotions a secret, and he carefully avoided going and coming by the same paths through "the woodes and narrow places, lest he should be layed for" by the robbers.

Meredith's friends not unnaturally asked him what had induced him to leave "his ancient house and habitation," and take up his quarters in a place "swarming with thieves and bondmen." He replied that "he should find elbowe room in that vast country among the bondmen, and that he had rather fight with outlaws and thieves than with his owne blood and kindred"; for, said he, "I must either kill mine owne kinsmen or be killed by them" at home. "Wherein," says Sir John Wynne, "he said very truly, as the people were such in those days there; for John Owen ap John ap Meredith, in his father's time, killed Howell ap Madoc Vaughan of Berkin, for noe quarrell, but for the mastery of the country, and for the first good morrow." This Howell was "cosen german's sonne" to Meredith; and to show the condition of the country, "and the manifold divisions in those days among soe private friends," we will add a little more about this and one or two other brawls among Welsh neighbours. Howell's mother was present at the above-mentioned murder, and she put her hand on his head, hoping thereby to dissuade John Owen from striking him. The only result was that three of her fingers and half her hand were chopped off with the blow, and that her son, instead of being

killed on the spot, lived for a few days. He was "layed in his bed, and his wounded men in great number lying in a cocherie, above the degree near the high table, all in breadth of his hall, all gored and wallowing in their owne blood." As he was dying, Howell said that the quarrel would never end while his mother lived; "which was true indeed, for she persecuted eagerly all her time." John Owen, who had killed him, and his followers had also been "exceedingly sore hurt in that bickering." When he returned home, his father was sitting at the door, and, seeing "his son and company all hacked, wounded, and besmeared with their owne blood," the devoted parent lifted up his voice, and thus consoled his beloved son—"You are in an ill-favour'd pickle. Have you done nothing worthy yourselves?" Howell's fate was not much worse than that of his uncle, who was slain by his cousin "german, as thus. He called him forth, and bid him looke up, and with a knife stabbed him in the belly."

Then there was a "quarrell and unkindness" between two brothers-in-law, named Jevan ap Robert (the grandfather of our friend Meredith) and Howell ap Rys. It was merely "upon some mislike"; nevertheless Howell ap Rys hired a butcher to kill Jevan ap Robert in a fray which he promised to arrange. Howell's sister, the wife of Jevan, perceived that he was going off to attack her husband, and seized his horse by the tail, whereupon her affectionate brother struck at her with his sword. She then ran on to a place where he would have to pass through a narrow ford in a brook by a foot-bridge, and, loosening the harness, "with the same lets flie at her brother." Somehow or other, he was too sharp for her, and presently he overtook her husband, and began the scrimmage. Brothers-in-law, foster-brothers, and the butcher were soon engaged in a grand battle. "The bickering grew very hott, and many were knocked down of either side"; but the only man killed was "the murdering butcher," who had not "strucke one stroake all day." But this was not the end of the mislike, "quarrell," and unkindness; for "it fortun'd anon after that the parson of Llanvrochen tooke a child of Jevan ap Robert's to foster, which sore grieved Howell Vaughan's wife." "In revenge whereof she plotted the death of the said parson." She sent a woman to beg a lodging from the parson; and this female, after spending a night at his house, most ungratefully brought grievous accusations against him. On this pretence she sent her "bretheren, these notable rogues of the damn'd crew fit for any mischief," to kill him. After this murder, Jevan ap Robert searched the whole country for the three "murderers." He caught two of them in "Chirkelash" and was contemplating taking them to Chirk Castle to be tried, when he was told that there was "a damnable custome" there of accepting a fee of 5*l.* from a prisoner's friends for his redemption; so he ordered one of his men to strike off the two murderers' heads there and then, "which the fellow doeing faintely," one of the culprits began to chaff him, "soe resolute were they in those days, and in contempt of death; whereupon Jevan ap Robert in a rage stepping to them, strucke off their heads." As Jevan was riding home, "by moonshine," and talking carelessly with his men, a middle of a wood, an arrow suddenly flew among them. Pulling up, he and his whole party shot in the direction from which the arrow had come, and one of their arrows was found to have killed a man, who turned out to be the third and last of the three notable rogues and murderers. After this, "dayly bickings, too long to be written, passed betwene soe neare and hateful neighbours"—Jevan and Howell. We might quote a great deal more to show that the normal state of the country was at least as bad as that of the immediate neighbourhood of Spytty, so perhaps Meredith, who "fell in liking with a young woman," married her, went to Creig, "began the worlde with his wife, and begate there by her two daughters," was not so very foolish in taking a lease of the more roomy Dolwyddelan castle, in the vicinity of the ill-reputed Spytty, when he found "he was likely to have more children, and that" Creig "would prove narrow and straight for him." Less valiant men, on taking up their quarters in such a neighbourhood, might possibly have been tempted to pay blackmail to the banditti; but not so Meredith ap Jevan ap Robert of Keselgyfarch Gwedir com. Carn. On the contrary, he set to work to put down the robbers with a strong hand. He was wise enough to colonize the wild, waste districts with the "tallest and most able" as well as the most reputable men he could hear of. Besides these, he was not above engaging some that were not reputable, provided they were tall—in the Shakspearian sense; for he secured the services of a certain Rys ap Robert, who had committed a murder, and fled from his native place in consequence. As he was "a tall, stout man," he was eagerly engaged, notwithstanding his guilt. Meredith became the "defender and capitaine of the country, soe as within the space of certayne yeares he was able to make seven score tall bowmen of his followers." Every one of these had an "armour coate, a good steale cappe, a short sword and a dagger, together with his bow and arrowes," and a hunting-spear. Most of them also had horses. By degrees Meredith grew "soe strong that he began to put back and to curb the sanctuary of thieves and robbers" at Spytty Jevan, "which at times were wont to be above a hundred, well horsed and well appointed." When any of these well-appointed gentlemen from Spytty were observed to be on the alert, the alarm was given and Meredith's bowmen and followers had to "answere the crie, and to come also upon the like distresse." Accordingly, while Meredith increased—he had three wives and twenty-six children—the banditti of Yspytty decreased, until even the semi-military services of his men

followers and bowmen were no longer required; so Meredith made them useful in building houses for him at Penmaen and Gwydir, and one of them was so tall, so able, and so stout that he cut down as many as eighteen oak trees in one day for this purpose. In the meantime Spytty became respectable and uninteresting.

THE THEATRES.

PLAYS have lately been produced at three theatres, one of which is not directed by an actor-manager, the tribe for which a self-appointed censor of the stage has recently expressed his scorn, while at the other two houses the actor-manager has had nothing to do with the production; for Mr. Irving in no way influences the proceedings of Mr. Augustin Daly at the Lyceum, and Mr. Charles Wyndham is absent from the cast at the Criterion. Freed from the baleful presence of that enemy of all things good, the actor-manager—there is to be a company-directed theatre soon, a letter in the *Fortnightly Review* tells us, and then perhaps one of Mr. Crawford's plays will be produced—these pieces ought to have been of special excellence; but, in truth, they are not, and we much prefer the work presented with the co-operation of Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, or by Mr. Hare in the leading character of such a piece as *A Pair of Spectacles*.

Into this controversy, however, we do not propose here to plunge, our immediate object being to say what there is to be said about *The English Rose*, *The Great Unknown*, and *Welcome, Little Stranger*, under which infelicitous title a posthumous work by Mr. James Albery has been acted. The Adelphi melodrama, the joint effort of Mr. G. A. Sims and Mr. Robert Buchanan, provokes the expression of wonder which has been uttered before as to whether the last will ever be seen of the hero who is found with a weapon in his hand over the body of the victim whom the villain has directly or indirectly done to death. We are inclined to think that if a playwright suggested this tritest of tricks to any actor-manager who presided over a theatre of repute, the scheme would be pronounced intolerably antiquated; but here at the Adelphi the old tale is told all over again. Is it impossible to devise anything new of a melodramatic character? Halfway through the first act of *The English Rose* the least experienced of playgoers cannot fail to foresee all that is going to happen, and as in a melodrama the end is inevitable, the whole business strikes us as tedious in the extreme. We do not want to kill a hero and break a heroine's heart for the sake of a change; but we do want something fresher than this preposterous accusation of crime. Why it should have needed two writers to turn out a new version of the cut-and-dried story is not easily comprehensible. Mr. Sims has probably written a dozen melodramas just like it by himself, and Mr. Buchanan has previously wandered along the same dismal groove. The puppets are labelled with new names, and that is all. It struck us that Mr. Beveridge played with an appreciation of character as the Knight of Ballyveney, an impoverished Irish squire, whose son loves the niece of the Englishman who has purchased the Ballyveney estate; the Englishman's rascally agent being the villain of the piece—also in love with the niece, it need hardly be said, for this rivalry is one of the standing rules of the game. The relative position of these four personages affords a clue to the entire legend; but the playwrights blunder wretchedly when, coming across the dead body, they make the "English Rose"—this is the niece—denounce her lover, Harry O'Mailley, as the murderer because he has in his hand the usual gun. The young lady must surely have been to the play, and should consequently have known quite well that the person who stands over a murdered man with a weapon in his hand is always innocent; but, apart from this, it is inexcusably clumsy to make the heroine thus charge the hero with a crime when she, of course, regards him as the soul of honour. Set melodrama is poor stuff at best; but these two writers might have been expected to make it good of its kind.

The last piece presented by Mr. Daly, *The Great Unknown*, a version of Franz von Schönthan and Gustav Kadelburg's *Die berühmte Frau*, is the weakest his company has played in London. Mr. Daly would have been well advised had he kept *As You Like It* for the last, and left us with Miss Ada Rehan's Rosalind lingering in our recollection; for the part of Miss Etna Jarraway comes as rather a shock after her delightful performance of the Shakspearian comedy. Miss Rehan is charming in *The Great Unknown*, as a matter of course; she cannot be otherwise, nor do we think she could approach vulgarity if she tried; and yet we confess we would rather not have seen her imitate the nigger minstrel's walk round. Etna is one of the two daughters of Jarraway, a person of no extraordinary type, whose wife has gone to Europe and taken up her abode in Paris. She writes trashy novels and poems, therein resembling others of her sex, and her girls are left to run wild in New York. The younger of the pair has only a very feeble hold on the story, the interest of which is derived almost entirely from the love affairs of Etna and her cousin Ned Dreemer, who recognizes her faults, but loves her all the more for them, as is understood to be the habit of gentlemen in a similar frame of mind. Etna's honest revelation of her love for Ned Dreemer is delightfully girlish and natural; here, as in other plays, her transitions from sincerity to humour have a wonderful ring of truth

in them. If Miss Rehan could grow tedious, however, we think she would become so in the scene in which she and her sister endeavour to shock their extremely foolish mother when, summoned (for no conceivable object or reason) by Ned Dreemer, she returns to exhibit her affectations and follies at home. Miss Rehan's study of the mischievous girl budding into womanhood and touched for the first time by love is, we repeat, altogether fascinating, and perhaps would be even more so if she displayed a thought more of restraint. Otherwise *The Great Unknown* is surprisingly feeble. Mr. John Drew as Dreemer was agreeable and gentlemanlike in his familiar fashion; the parts in these comedies which fall to his lot could not be better done. Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert find occupation of an accustomed character. There is less scope for the actor's humour than in most of the pieces in Mr. Daly's repertory, but Mrs. Gilbert makes much of her few chances, especially in the scene with the globe. A lively duologue about a globe—the delight of living on an island with the beloved object—had led up to the proposal which made her a wife; and when a bashful lover hesitates the globe is adroitly introduced.

The third of the new pieces, the late Mr. James Albery's adaptation of *Le Petit Ludovic*, called *Welcome, Little Stranger*, exhibits the ridiculous raptures of an elderly couple named Buck, to whom a son is born after their silver wedding. Mr. Buck has eagerly anticipated the birth of a grandson, and one appears almost simultaneously with his own child, whereupon he evinces a violent dislike to the other infant. This is foolish, and it is not funny; even in farce we look for motive, and there is no reason why the old man should grow exasperated at the contemplation of his daughter's child. The lack of refinement which was generally unpleasantly perceptible in Mr. Albery's work here develops into grossness; to say the least of the adaptation, much of it is in the very worst possible taste. A sub-plot, by which the feebleness of the stupid main story is faintly mitigated, contains a spark of humour. James Paragon, a susceptible young man, has fallen in love with a widow, Mrs. Llorencourt, who endeavours to check his proceedings; but her efforts are entirely misunderstood, and he joyfully accepts snubs in the belief that they are only meant to conceal encouragement from other eyes. His persistence is finally successful, and these parts are suitably played by Mr. Giddens and Miss Vane-Fatherstone. Mr. Blakeley as Buck depends chiefly upon the quaint mannerisms which form his main stock-in-trade. With the exception of some of the acting in *The Great Unknown*, there is nothing worth attention in any of these three new plays.

THE COWES WEEK.

THE Cowes week has probably, in spite of its many successful issues, never before been more typically sporting or more interesting than on the present occasion; and that this was in a great measure due to the German Emperor's second visit to this country, and the gathering into a pleasant home-party of so many of the Queen's children, there can be no doubt. Aided by glorious yachting weather—perhaps better yachting than racing weather—the week has been a greater success in every respect than usual. Although Cowes is a fashionable centre for at least a week in the year, it still maintains in some respects the primitiveness of its manners and customs; and, whilst Ryde has gathered its quota of civilization and garianness, the smaller town retains the original exclusiveness of its associations. This exclusiveness extends even to the difficulties that must be surmounted before the visitor is permitted to land on its green-bound shore. Trains are tardy and boats are tardier; the journey between Cowes and the metropolis occupies generally over four hours, and in the season—i.e. the week—over five. The place is much easier of ingress and pleasanter for abiding purposes in the winter, when perhaps one or two yacht-owners go down about some new racing or other gear, and are treated with obsequious civility and dispatch by the boat and tradespeople, who have at that moment no other prey. But in the summer, when the same people wish to arrive at the right season with other persons of the same mind, they find themselves assailed by many drawbacks before they finally embark at Southampton or Portsmouth for their island destination. Then they find themselves upon the worst and most weather-beaten of the Company's boats (the new, quick, and clean ones having been sent on some cheap expedition in the neighbourhood), and having probably booked through first class, they are compelled to mix in an unventilated cabin with excursionist boat passengers, who have paid merely a third of the usual fare. Discomfort does not end there; on arrival, incoming passengers are allowed to force their way on board, and to hustle and prevent the outgoing ones to land, and curiously levelling incidents have been known to occur upon the Cowes pontoon. Yacht-racing is naturally the motive for which these unpleasant difficulties are tolerated, and as residents and strangers are alike bitten by a fever only to be compared with that which attacks Epsom and Newmarket in their turn, complaints are not made at the proper time, and so it goes on from year to year. The residents have their own clubs, they build and sail racing-boats with enthusiastic fervour, and they are not unusually (but always unexpectedly) beaten by some wherry from the back of the Wight, or a crab-boat from Falmouth, or, possibly, a well-trimmed Scotch

"dinghy." Some really pretty races are sailed by small craft varying from 3 to 7 tons, which go upon merit, and which add much to the general interest of the scene. Larger craft are also occasionally known to be beaten by some new smart American boat; but, on the whole, they hold their own. Ladies also sail boats—three or four of them doggedly race each year. Sometimes by a fluke one wins, but she does not wear her honours well on these rare occasions; one winning lady is remembered to have come in with her hands in her pockets and a large cigar in her mouth. Still, neither the residents nor the ladies ever really "lose." Their "spinnakers" may split or be carried away, or their bowsprit or mast split in two; but there is no fair "losing" in the smaller races. The Queen's Cup gained in interest this year by the fact that the Emperor and the Prince of Wales were racing in the latter's vessel. The Squadron's heavier and less interesting Round-the-Island races are always a foregone conclusion, every old sailor knowing which will win, according to the wind and the weather. The Island people are a curious race. They have a mixture of the instincts of their smuggling forefathers, to which have evidently been added a few drops of Jewish blood, and thus with skilful thriftiness they live the rest of the year on the plunder of the week. Every one who can possibly manage it turns out of his home, and lets it for a sum which more than clears his rent and rates and taxes for the year. The tradespeople treble their prices, and some with short-sighted policy attend more civilly to the wants of their week's customer than they do to the needs of resident families. The residence of the Queen at Osborne at other times of the year makes little difference beyond the sending up of the price of butter and eggs. Ryde endeavours to ape Cowes at this season of the year, but without success. Ventnor is given over to the tourist; but, whilst the edges of the lovely Island are given over to unwonted agitations, the centre of it, which is comparatively little known, is a delightful haven of beauty and peace.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE rate of discount in the open market has been declining throughout the week, and is now little better than 4½ per cent. As the value of money at the same time has, quite unexpectedly, risen sharply in New York, and as the Bank of France has put a premium of 4½ per mille upon gold, it is becoming doubtful whether the Bank of England will be able to replenish its reserve, so as to prevent stringency and apprehension in the autumn.

The price of silver, which on Saturday last was as high as 51½d. per oz., fell on Wednesday to 50½d., owing to a drop the preceding day in New York, and recovered fractionally the next day. Apparently speculation in New York has been carried too far in the metal, and the speculators were surprised by the high rates charged this week for loans. It had been assumed very generally that the new Silver Law would ensure a very easy money market in New York throughout this year; and, as the law comes into force on Wednesday next, no one was prepared for the dearth of the present week, especially as the Secretary of the Treasury has been buying bonds very freely for some time past. Possibly the decline in New York was also caused by the sales that have been made by some European Governments. It is reported that the Imperial Bank of Russia has of late been selling. There have been considerable sales also in Vienna, and a few months ago Roumania sold a considerable amount. It is possible that the operators in New York desire to check the sales by lowering quotations slightly. The general expectation is that when the Treasury begins buying on the increased scale next week there will be a sharp rise. That is very likely, for as yet there has not been time for a large increase in the production, and the speculators who had been buying for months past are likely to hold out for a large profit. There has been some decline in the price of Rupee paper along with that of silver, but the dealings have been large.

The resignation of President Celman has caused Argentine securities, more especially the sterling issues, to rise considerably. The City is under the impression that a new administration will quickly put an end to the crisis. But we fear it will find itself mistaken. The new President, it may be hoped, will be able to maintain order, and if he selects a Cabinet that has the confidence of the country he will doubtless be supported by public opinion in the attempt to undo the mischief that has been done by his predecessor. But no political change can alter the fact that several of the banks are in serious difficulties, that speculation has been carried for years past to an insane extent, has broken down now, and has ruined multitudes of people, and that the owners of houses and lands have mortgaged their properties, in a very large proportion of cases, far beyond their real worth.

The Cédulas, or mortgage bonds, issued by the National Mortgage Bank and the Hypothecary Bank of Buenos Ayres, at present outstanding amount to 415 millions of dollars, and these represent the mortgages effected on land and houses with these two institutions alone. The mortgagors have contracted to pay in interest and sinking fund from 7 to 10 per cent. per annum; and how they are to fulfil their contracts now that speculation has collapsed, that prices are falling ruinously, that credit is paralyzed, and that trade is shrinking, it is not easy to say. Of course, however, the change of Government permits a sound and wise

policy to be adopted, and, in the long-run, it is to be hoped will lead to revived prosperity.

The markets generally continue without life. The more far-seeing operators recognize that the Argentine crisis must work itself out, and they fear that there may be renewed political trouble, while they are uneasy as to the consequences of default by the poorer provincial and municipal Governments, and of the failure of some of the banks. The money market, too, is in an unsatisfactory state. A few days ago it seemed as if the Bank of England would be able to obtain as much gold as it required; but now that is more doubtful. If it does not, there may be stringency by-and-by, and possibly another advance in the Bank rate. Added to all this is the absence of great numbers of persons holiday-making. If, however, things calm down in the Argentine Republic, and the money market promises to be more settled, there will by-and-by be renewed activity. Trade is exceedingly good. The railway traffic returns show large increases over those of last year, when it will be recollected trade was improving so rapidly; indeed, in some cases the receipts are the largest ever collected.

It is to be borne in mind, of course, that the working expenses have much increased also, and that consequently the net profits will not be so much augmented as at first sight might be supposed; still, the fact remains that the railway Companies are doing a most profitable business, and that in spite of high rates for money, the Argentine crisis, the falling off in shipbuilding, the rise in wages and price, trade continues to expand in a most satisfactory way. If, then, apprehension as to the Argentine crisis and the course of the money market abates, there will probably be large buying of home railway stocks. But while matters continue as uncertain as at present most careful investors will prefer to leave their money on deposit. At the present time the joint-stock and private banks allow 3½ per cent. upon deposits. That is a handsome return considering that there is no risk of any loss of capital. And if the Bank of England is not able to get as much gold as it requires, the banks may by-and-by have to raise the rate they allow on deposits. While he is receiving 3½ per cent. from the banks, with the prospect of getting more, the cautious investor will hardly care to buy stocks which may fall sharply should there be a political accident anywhere, or should the money market become very stringent.

The threatened strike in South Wales began on Tuesday evening, but it is hoped that a settlement will soon be effected. The main point in dispute is that the men should be guaranteed a certain number of hours' work every week, and they are willing to accept a compromise which has been informally offered. It is to be hoped the employers will meet them in a friendly spirit and so prevent a great disturbance of trade.

DRAMATIC AUTHOR v. ACTOR-MANAGER.

THE contest regarding the actor-manager, his merits and demerits, shows no sign of approaching a settlement; indeed, any definite conclusion appears in the highest degree unlikely so long as the disputants on the attacking side are as far from agreeing on what they want as if they were so many policemen on strike.

As fresh champions enter the fray, the issues involved appear to multiply, owing to the tendency which each exhibits to fight "for his own hand." Thus Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose article in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* is the latest contribution to the discussion, elects to regard the question at issue as being one "between the authority of the actor-manager and the authority of the author"; while he holds that "the great evil is not so much actor management in itself as the baneful starring system that usually accompanies it." Let us at once say that, though we cannot either endorse all Mr. Jones's facts or agree with all the conclusions he draws from them, we none the less heartily welcome his appearance in the arena; he possesses what some of his fellow-disputants lack—a practical experience of the conditions of the stage of to-day, an experience gained by several years of steady work at dramatic authorship; and he has shown, especially in his later plays, a laudable desire to raise and enlarge the capabilities of the theatre as a factor in our modern civilization.

With many of Mr. Jones's views as to the present condition of the drama we are in cordial agreement; with him, we regret the lack of intellectual and literary quality in the stage-work of to-day, while we acknowledge that he correctly estimates the difficulty of writing a "literary" drama which shall correctly reproduce the characteristics of an age which, in its conversations and in its correspondence, is, as he says, "very free from all suspicion of literary merit." Living in days when time is money, we have reduced our communications with each other to a standard of brevity, modelled apparently to suit the requirements of the telegraph, which, though not without telling effect on the stage, as may be seen in the plays of Robertson, who was particularly happy in reproducing it in his dialogue, is not easily reconciled with "literary" and "intellectual" pretensions.

But when Mr. Jones goes on to state the present position of affairs as a struggle for supremacy between actor-manager and author, which is only to be satisfactorily settled by conceding

everything to the author, we feel that his advocacy of his own calling carries him at least a little too far; nor does he appear without a suspicion of this, as he acknowledges that "*Vous êtes orfèvre*" will assuredly be shouted at him from all sides." Surely, by Mr. Jones's own showing, the actor-manager scarcely deserves all the hard things predicated of him. It is, in our opinion, distinctly unfair and untrue to use actor-management and the "star" system as in any way convertible terms; "stars" have ere this flourished under the management of non-actors. Was not Mr. Henry Irving (as we pointed out not long ago) more of a "star" when the late Mr. Bateman directed the Lyceum than he permits himself to be now under his own management? The American stage, notwithstanding the preponderance of non-actor-managers across the Atlantic, is overrun with "stars." It is, on the other hand, distinctly unfair to represent the actor-manager as necessarily a monster possessing an insatiable appetite for self-aggrandizement. Do facts bear out Mr. Jones when he declares that a play to appeal successfully to an actor-manager must contain a leading part for himself, and that "it is one of the vices of the actor-manager system, not that the actor-manager will not play secondary parts, but that he cannot afford to do so; that the public will not allow him"? Does such a description fairly represent Mr. Hare in the present or the Bancrofts in the immediate past? In how many parts of secondary importance did Mrs. Bancroft in her own theatre support Mme. Modjeska, Mrs. Bernard Beere, and other leading actresses? Is it not quite exceptional, in looking back on the many years of theatrical management which stand to the credit of Mr. Hare, to find him, as at present, representing the principal part in the principal piece of the evening's entertainment? All actor-managers, it is true, cannot show so honourable a record as those we have just named; but, at any rate, they do not stand alone; and, even if they did, they would suffice to disprove the universal negative so dogmatically stated by Mr. Jones.

Again, the author of *Judah* alleges a further difficulty besetting the playwright who attempts to do literary and original stage-work, in that he is compelled to suit the leading parts to the personalities of the actor-manager, and probably of several other members of the company; and he waxes humorous over a fancied analogy of Dickens, Thackeray, or George Eliot, whom he pictures as called upon to submit to similar restrictions and limitations by their publishers, forgetting, apparently, that he has only a few pages earlier insisted that Mr. Oswald Crawford is not justified in comparing "book literature" with "play literature," because "it is a matter that admits of no comparison. The comparison does not lie between a play of one man and a novel of another. It lies between the plays of both, or the novels of both." If this be true, and if Mr. Jones be correct in ruling out of court the names of Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Louis Stevenson, can he be allowed to found an argument on an analogy between himself and the three great writers named above?

And, as regards the fitting of his characters to the personality of individual actors, the remedy is surely to a certain extent in the author's own hands. If his own ideas cannot be made to suit the requirements of one actor-manager without such radical alteration as amounts to utter destruction, in these days of many theatres and many actor-managers he can surely carry his work to another and more congenial market.

On the point of writing to suit, not only the manager himself, but the members of his company, Mr. Jones touches a question which has, without doubt, artistically two sides, though he appears to recognize only one of them, and evidently favours the modern system of making all engagements for the run of the play only. It may, from the author's point of view, appear advantageous to have the whole body of unemployed actors and actresses from whom to select the representatives of his play; but by these means the company of each theatre is practically reconstituted with each change of programme, and hence it comes that we have not in all our London theatres a body of players accustomed to act together. Of the advantage which accrues to a company by being so kept together it is difficult to exaggerate the importance. It is not the least excellent point in the management of Mr. Daly that he retains year after year practically the same body of comedians, who have thereby grown accustomed to each other's playing, who acquire—perhaps half unconsciously—a similarity of style, and are enabled to confer marked distinction on a repertoire which is in some respects open to criticism. We wish we could think that the lesson taught by the performances of our American visitors would not be lost on our managers, who, unfortunately, appear possessed with the utterly erroneous idea that playgoers desire constant changes in the *personnel* of our theatres, whereas our own belief is that the public would much prefer to associate a particular player, and, still more, a particular body of players, with a particular playhouse, and we are further convinced that, if our theatres were so organized, the better it would be for them, both artistically and financially. Indeed, Mr. Jones himself bears testimony, quite unconsciously it is true, to the advantages of the system we are advocating, when he tells us that the actor who played the principal character in one of his (Mr. Jones's) own dramas in New York "was in the previous production playing a very small rôle, which, however, was dignified and raised to importance by his art, to the great benefit of the play."

Quite so; but it is only when good actors are permanent members of such and such a company that they are found filling such minor parts; when the disadvantage of a small part, or even

a bad one, which is by no means the same thing, may be counterbalanced by a good one in other pieces in the repertoire.

When Mr. Jones, having cleared his decks for action, at last opens fire on the actor-manager, there is, so far as words go, some pretty hard pounding. "The chief vice," he tells us, "the radical defect of the actor-manager system is, that it fixes the responsibility for the play upon the person who is not really responsible for it. In truth, a manager is never responsible for any play that is performed at his theatre. . . . There is only one person who is responsible for its production, and that is the author of it—the manager, actor or not, has really no originating power at all—the manager, as such, is the one person who cannot have a definite policy." And so on. Now, in support of these views of the relative importance of manager and author Mr. Jones quotes one instance only, that of the Bancrofts and Robertson. We should have thought that a recollection of how differently those plays of Robertson which were produced by the Bancrofts fared from those produced by other managers might have led to the belief that managers are not, after all, such mere flies on the wheel of the theatrical coach. It is all very well to say that "it was the author who, in precise and exact relation to his views of life, his observation of character, and his literary power, formed the Robertsonian drama," and, so far as it goes, the statement is true enough; but in an argument professing to determine the relative importance of author and manager—nay more, the relative importance of a particular author and a particular management—it seems somewhat unfair to ignore the fact that it was only at the Bancrofts' theatre that the Robertsonian drama was so formed, and that on other stages the name of the author of *Caste* was by no means associated with success.

There is much in the present general condition of our stage which cries aloud for reform, and undoubtedly there is not a little in Mr. Jones's article with which, as we have already stated, we thoroughly concur; but a case is weakened, not strengthened, by such overstatement as he indulges in. Indeed, it is somewhat amusing to find Mr. Jones so dogmatically assigning by an iron rule the responsibility for the production of all plays when we remember how impossible he and certain others found it to settle that point with regard to his own melodrama *The Silver King*. There may be theatres in which the author is a "shadow" who "scarcely counts"; but is this a fair description of the English dramatic author generally, of Mr. Pinero, of Mr. Gilbert, or of Mr. Jones himself? Again, is it fair to say of the actor-manager as a class that he is one who, "by virtue of his direct personal appeal to the public, by large capital letters on every bill and placard, by having his name repeated on the programme, first as manager, then as leading actor, then as having the play produced under his direction, and occasionally as part-author, attains a renown equal to that of the proprietor of Horniman's tea or Beecham's pills"?

Mr. Jones appears to consider himself called upon to champion the cause of "the general playgoing public who cannot," so he says, be expected to spend the whole of their leisure "in the examination and analysis of the precise forms of attraction in the entertainment that is offered to them." Why the playgoing public (or, at any rate, the more critical and cultured section of the public, who, by their attendance early in a play's career, and especially on first nights, set the fashion in matters theatrical, and stamp each production as success or failure with the hall-mark of their approval or disapproval) cannot be trusted to examine and analyse for themselves what they see and hear at the theatres we are at a loss to understand. In this land of free-trade in amusements, where managers, actors, and authors have to fight their own battles with no extraneous aid, why should the hand of protection be extended to the playgoer, and to the playgoer only? If we take the "general playgoing public" at Mr. Jones's own valuation of it, and suppose it to require his careful dry-nursing, does it deserve any more robust food than the pap and spoon-meat of the drama? We hear much of the differences that exist between our English stage and that of other countries, and especially of France; but are those differences entirely confined to the actor's side of the footlights? Does not the critical capacity of the "general playgoing public" vary at least as much as does the histrionic capacity of the players, or the literary ability of the playwright? In other words, is not the French drama more literary than ours because French audiences, at any rate in certain theatres, expect and appreciate the literary element to an extent quite unknown with us. Good talk obtains but short shrift from English audiences if it impedes the progress of a plot, whereas in Paris good talk often crowns with success lengthy plays which are practically devoid of all plot whatsoever.

As a constructive reformer Mr. Jones appears to have no pet scheme of his own, but he would try all experiments, "throwing out a restless energy of adventure and enterprise in every possible direction." What an interesting spectacle would be the battle of the systems he proposes, when actor-managers, independent managers, author-managers, national theatres, municipal theatres, *théâtres libres*, and boards of management, should all have equal chance to gain the public favour! It is, however, to be feared that our hopes of witnessing such a contest will never be realized; for it is a significant fact that, while capital is always readily forthcoming for theatrical speculation, it holds resolutely aloof from the support of the reformer's fads, and this is a matter in which without money it is impossible to move a step. It is all very well for Mr. Jones to say that he is not concerned with the

working out of a commercial problem; but every theatre has of necessity its commercial aspect, which none of the multitudinous forms of management he enumerates can afford to disregard if it wishes to avoid a premature and disgraceful dissolution.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THE French Exhibition, the fourth of the series which have been organized at Earl's Court under the comprehensive title of "National" Exhibitions, is certainly vastly superior to its predecessor, the Spanish; and when we remember that it is not official, it is remarkable how so excellent a collection of the arts and industries of France has been collected and arranged in so short a time. Never before—certainly not since 1862—has there been seen in London such an extensive display of French bronzes and jewelry, real and imitated. At the Italian Exhibition two years ago the bronzes from Rome and Florence created considerable sensation; but, although they exhibited the same inventive faculty, and were, perhaps, quite as well designed as the French, still they were greatly inferior in finish and perfection of detail; albeit, by the way, they were very much cheaper. If a proof were wanted of the thoroughness with which artistic studies are pursued in France, it would be found in the hundreds of bronze figures shown here, some of which are not more than an inch in height, others colossal, but all showing the same perfect knowledge of anatomy and of artistic technique. The modellers of these bronzes are genuine artists. In the vestibule, opposite the main entrance, has been placed that celebrated bronze vase known as "La Vigne," the design for which was furnished by Gustave Doré. If we err not, it was one of the attractions of the Exhibition of 1878. The shape of the vase is ungraceful, the mouth being altogether too narrow for the body; but the groups of fauns and Bacchantes besporting themselves on all sides among the vine-leaves and bunches of grapes are marvellously designed and executed. The great firm of Süsser Frères has a magnificent display, the principal attraction of which is a work by Croisy, intended for a centre-piece, and called "The Army of the Loire." It is a reproduction of the monument erected at Le Mans to the memory of General Chanzy, and has been purchased by public subscription for presentation to the Duc d'Orléans, "as a souvenir of his gallant desire to serve in the ranks of the French army as a private soldier." It is certainly well calculated to make us envy the artistic talent of our neighbours; for unquestionably no modern monument, at once so picturesque and in every sense so completely a work of art, is to be found throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. The subject is an episode in the siege, and we behold a bastion of the walls defended by several hundreds of figures of soldiers, every one of which is admirably modelled and full of life. The same firm exhibits an interesting series of little bronzes by the Russian sculptor Lancraie, whose models are invariably reproduced in Paris. These figurines are supposed to illustrate the life of the Russian peasantry and certain picturesque events in the history of the Empire. A very beautiful figure is that of "Molière as a Child," by Gandey, whilst "Time and Song," a graceful group by Paris, and the "David Vainqueur" of Beguine are also admirable. In the main gallery, too, is a fine work, entitled "Quand-même," representing an Alsatian peasant woman defending a dying soldier. It is by M. A. Mercier. There is a fair display of glass and a good deal of furniture of a highly-decorative and admirably-finished quality. It is, as a rule, expensive, but impresses one with a sense that it is of a kind which will last, and not tumble to pieces, as does the Italian, after very short use.

The Fine Art Gallery is surprisingly good, and contains some dozen pictures of the first quality, and very few that are absolutely bad. We may not be as enthusiastic as certain people over the enormous picture by M. Jules Lefebvre of Lady Godiva. Nevertheless, it is a fine picture, and attracted much attention at the Paris Salon a few weeks ago. Neither can we share the admiration expressed by a "certain illustrious person" for M. Paul Renouard's collection of drawings; but no one can look at M. Carolus Duran's "Entombment" without acknowledging its immense merit, both from a technical and from an artistic point of view. The collection contains specimens of the very best living French landscape-painters, and a great number of highly-finished and decorative flower-pieces.

But it is essentially as a place of popular recreation that this Exhibition merits unqualified praise, and Mr. J. R. Whitley and the Committee who have organized it deserve every credit. The gardens are beautiful, and when illuminated of an evening present as pretty and gay a scene as anything of the kind on the Continent. It is curious that the illuminations, which have been wisely entrusted to Mr. James Pain, recall in many of their features those represented in the old engravings of similar displays which so delighted our great-grandparents at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Mr. Pain has confined himself to the Italian method of lighting up the trees and flower-beds with the little coloured glass lamps still to be seen of a summer's evening along the lagoons of Venice—especially at Torcello and Murano—when there is a popular *festa* of the Madonna. The panorama which occupies one half of the great arena is in its way a very good specimen of outdoor scenic decoration. It represents an Arab village on the outskirts of the desert, and is very well painted by M. Jambon. Although

the entertainment provided in the said arena, illustrative of life in the "Wild East," is nothing like as original or interesting as was the popular "Wild West," it is extremely picturesque, and the horse-riding quite remarkable. Nearly a hundred Arabs—men, women, and children—are engaged in the show, under Sheikh Larbi Ben Kess-Kess, said to be one of the most powerful tribal leaders in Eastern Africa, his followers numbering some 20,000. The "Arab warriors, musicians, wizards, craftsmen, &c.," go through their various performances in a peculiarly knowing manner, which, we fear, indicates that they are not quite to the manner born, but simply very clever actors. There is no deception, however, about Mr. Darling's lions, which draw their master's chariot round the arena unmuzzled in a manner which would have met with the unqualified approval of the Roman public. They certainly rouse to enthusiasm a London holiday audience, and deserve to be accounted among the wonders of the day.

REVIEWS.

POLITICAL JUSTICE.*

WE are under the impression that Mr. H. S. Salt is a kind of Socialist, though in the brief introduction which he has prefixed to this reprint of a part of Godwin's once famous *Political Justice* he does not express himself in any very extravagant Socialist sense. But "justice" (as those know who have given themselves the trouble to know) is one of the catchwords of the Socialist; we think we have seen Mr. Salt's name put to expressions of undoubted Socialism, and it is not quite conceivable why any one, except because he agreed with it, should shake off the kindly dust which has so long settled on the expensive and ponderous work of Shelley's expensive and ponderous father-in-law. Of Mr. Salt we shall have, indeed, little to say. We were under the impression that "Books as well as men say Mackintosh are subject to what is called fortune" is but a translation of four words of much terser Latin, "Habent sua fata libelli." Nor do we think either the momentary popularity or the subsequent collapse of *Political Justice* to be at all difficult to explain. It was simply an English popularization and crystallization of all the results of a century of "philosophism" in France. When the hour comes for such crystallization and popularization, it really does not matter who is the man. Sometimes he is a really clever man; sometimes a mere "gomeril"; oftenest, perhaps, one of that curious division of "clever-stupid men," of honest humbugs, of steadygoing revolutionists, to which Godwin himself belonged. He was in some respects the dullest of dogs or men, and yet he wrote *Political Justice*, *Caleb Williams*, and (not least) *St. Leon*. He preached endlessly about virtue and justice, independence, "an erect mien"; and he became simply a by-word for spunging and cadging on every rich young man (and some who were not rich) of his acquaintance. He was a Republican, and a pensioned or sinecurist hanger-on upon Monarchy. Peace be with him because—and despite—of all these things! With Mr. Salt, we can say "Peace be" still more heartily, for he has done a real service to the cause which we suspect he wanted to damage. Few, very few, are the people who are likely to read *Political Justice* as a whole now. But anybody who has any interest at all in political things may be expected to read a book which is of the exact size and shape of an ordinary "series" book. And we ourselves can hardly imagine anything better calculated to make an intelligent reader a Tory, stronger than all the Liberty and Property Defence League rolled into one with the Primrose ditto, and nearly as strong as Mr. —.

In noticing such a book nothing equals extract, and we shall make a slight cento of Godwin with running comments of our own:—"And we might inquire into the propriety of the regulation by which a man, after having possessed as sovereign a considerable property during his life, is permitted to dispose of it at his pleasure, at the period which the laws of nature seem to have fixed as the termination of his authority" (p. 37). So says Godwin at an early page of his inquiry. But did it occur to him that, if nature fixed the period, nature also empowered the man, if he chose, to destroy his property before that period? Suppose a ruffian were to say "Good! Good! Your objection lies; I ought not to dispose of my property after my death. Ho there, Giles and Miles! Pull up the sluices of the level! turn the river into the coal-mine! burn all the farm-buildings! hough the cattle—*Après moi le déluge!*" What then? Would not this be recognizing that his authority is "terminable by the law of nature"? Again, "Justice does not stop here. Every man is entitled, so far as the general stock will suffice, not only to the means of being, but of well being." "O father of Mary," we may ask, "and stepfather of Jane and Fanny, all of whom you guided to 'well being' with such admirable skill, who told you this? Where did you see it written that every man is 'entitled to being' much more to 'well being'?" "Justice says so," Godwin says. Well; other people's justice altogether declines to say so. Who is to decide? Where are we to find the "Third Man" who will tell us whether Godwin's Justice is the true woman or the feminine thief? It is true that such horrid

* *Godwin's Political Justice*. A Reprint of the Essay on Property from the original edition. Edited by H. S. Salt. London: Sonnenschein.

doubts do not afflict Godwin himself. "Does any one," he asks wonderingly, "doubt of the truth of these assertions?" Aye marry, that do some men. And, elsewhere, "It is impossible not to see the beauty of equality." And yet, putting our own opinions aside, it is a known fact that some of not the least intelligent of men have failed to see the beauty of equality—have seen in her an ugly Duessa, a mere deceiver of the harmless Godwins of this world. We must, indeed, do the good man the justice to say that, if he did not always practise what he preached, he sometimes preached what he practised in these sentences:—

Observe the pauper fawning with abject vileness upon his rich benefactor, and speechless with sensations of gratitude for having received that which he ought to have claimed with an erect mien, and with a consciousness that his claim was irresistible.

The true object that should be kept in view, is to extirpate all ideas of condescension and superiority, to oblige every man to feel that the kindness he exerts is what he is bound to perform, and the assistance he asks what he has a right to claim.

We at once think of the erect mien with which Godwin "bled to white," as the French nation, whom he admired, says, his luckless son-in-law, or suggested to young barristers to whom he had just been introduced that they should do a fifty-pound bill for him. Indeed, the flippant might have asked Godwin what he proposed to do in his own world, where, there being no property, no one could possibly discount a bill, and, marriage having been abolished, there would be no sons-in-law.

But this would be flippant. Let us return. Godwin is anxious to show how admirably Communism would work:—

If superfluity were banished, the necessity for the greater part of the manual industry of mankind would be superseded; and the rest, being amicably shared among all the active and vigorous members of the community, would be burdensome to none.

It is property that forms men into one common mass, and makes them fit to be played upon like a brute machine. Were this stumbling block removed, each man would be united to his neighbour in love and mutual kindness a thousand times more than now; but each man would think and judge for himself.

The mathematician, the poet, and the philosopher will derive a new stock of cheerfulness and energy from the recurring labour that makes them feel they are men.

It has been computed that not more than one-twentieth of the inhabitants of England are employed seriously and substantially in the labours of agriculture. Add to this, that the nature of agriculture is such as necessarily to give full occupation in some parts of the year, and to leave others comparatively unemployed. We may consider these latter periods as equivalent to a labour which, under the direction of sufficient skill, might suffice in a simple state of society for the fabrication of tools, for weaving, and the occupation of tailors, bakers, and butchers.

It follows that half an hour a day, seriously employed in manual labour by every member of the community, would sufficiently supply the whole with necessities. Who is there that would shrink from this degree of industry?

If I survey the appendages of my person, is there one article that is not an appeal to the respect of my neighbours, or a refuge against their contempt? It is for this that the merchant braves the dangers of the ocean, and the mechanical inventor brings forth the treasures of his meditation.

Some detached comments suggest themselves on these texts. Suppose the active and vigorous members of your community *wouldn't* share amicably? Who is to make 'em? The lazy and invalid members? Suppose each man, thinking and judging for himself, were to decide that, instead of loving a neighbour a thousand times more, it would be amusing to put him over the nearest precipice? Suppose (it is an awful thought; even more awful than the imprecations which Lord Salisbury pronounces when the gates in Gordon Square or Woburn Place are shut) that the mathematician's and the poet's recurring labour took them in the crisis of a problem or a sonnet? Let us have the data and process of that remarkable computation about the half-hour a day. And, most of all, dismissing as merely pleasant the survey of Mr. Godwin "surveying the appendages of his person," let us fasten on that remarkable passage about agricultural labour being only required at certain times of the year. Are all the loaves to be baked, all the coats to be tailed, and all the meat to be "butched" once for all at the other times?

By this time even the reader who knows little or nothing about Godwin (for it is to be feared there are such) will begin to suspect that humour was not the good man's forte. That reader shall be confirmed in his acute surmise. Thus saith Godwin:—

Moral independence on the contrary is always injurious. The dependence which is essential in this respect to the wholesome temperament of society, includes in it articles that are no doubt unpalatable to a multitude of the present race of mankind, but that owe their unpopularity only to weakness and vice. It includes a censure to be exercised by every individual over the actions of another, a promptness to inquire into them, and to judge them. Why should I shrink from this? What could be more beneficial than for each man to derive every possible assistance for correcting and moulding his conduct from the perspicacity of his neighbours?

There is, indeed, only one objection; it is that at least some men would be tolerably certain to correct and mould the perspicacity of their neighbours by the aid of the tip of their boots. But to see Godwin really in his altitudes one must of course come to his celebrated theories on marriage. As a single sprout of Godwin's brain this short sentence is perhaps eminent:—

So long as I seek to engross one woman to myself, and to prohibit my neighbour from proving his superior desert and reaping the fruits of it, I am guilty of the most odious of all monopolies.

But a longer one must, if blushes will tolerate it, be given:—

The intercourse of the sexes will in such a state fall under the same system as any other species of friendship. Exclusively of all groundless and obstinate attachments, it will be impossible for me to live in the world without finding one man of a worth superior to that of any other whom I have an opportunity of observing. To this man I shall feel a kindness in exact proportion to my apprehension of his worth. The case will be precisely the same with respect to the female sex. I shall assiduously cultivate the intercourse of that woman whose accomplishments shall strike me in the most powerful manner. "But it may happen that other men will feel for her the same preference that I do." This will create no difficulty. We may all enjoy her conversation; and we shall all be wise enough to consider the sensual intercourse as a very trivial object. This, like every other affair in which two persons are concerned, must be regulated in each successive instance by the unforced consent of either party. It is a mark of the extreme depravity of our present habits, that we are inclined to suppose the sensual intercourse anywise material to the advantages arising from the purest affection. Reasonable men now eat and drink, not from the love of pleasure, but because eating and drinking are essential to our healthful existence. Reasonable men then will propagate their species, not because a certain sensible pleasure is annexed to this action, but because it is right the species should be propagated; and the manner in which they exercise this function will be regulated by the dictates of reason and duty.

Godwin, to do him justice, saw objections, and could answer them:—

It cannot be definitely affirmed whether it will be known in such a state of society who is the father of each individual child. But it may be affirmed that such knowledge will be of no importance.

And he was equally considerate in other cases:—

Force in such a state of society would be unknown; I should part with nothing without a full consent. Caprice would be unknown; no man would covet that which I used, unless he distinctly apprehended that it would be more beneficial in his possession than it was in mine. My apartment would be as sacred to a certain extent as it is at present. No man would obtrude himself upon me to interrupt the course of my studies and meditations. No man would feel the whim of occupying my apartment, while he could provide himself another as good of his own. That which was my apartment yesterday would probably be my apartment to-day. We have few pursuits that do not require a certain degree of apparatus; and it would be for the general good that I should find in ordinary cases the apparatus ready for my use to-day that I left yesterday.

Do you want my table? Make one for yourself; or, if I be more skilful in that respect than you, I will make one for you. Do you want it immediately? Let us compare the urgency of your wants and mine, and let justice decide.

That the man who wrote such unbelievable trash as this—trash which reads like a good but rather overdone burlesque of its own purport—was a man whom some good judges held to be a man of genius, and whom almost all held to be one of rather exceptional accomplishment and ability, may seem a mere paradox. There is nothing in the *Anti-Jacobin* (to which, indeed, Godwin supplied some of its happiest suggestions) more sublime than the notion of a man and a brother entering to Godwin as he was writing the passage, observing, "Sir, you can make a table better than I can; give me that or make one for me," and the stranger and Godwin then debating the comparative urgency of their wants and letting justice decide. But those who have some knowledge of the history of political literature of the madder kind know that there is nothing very exceptional about it, except Godwin's ultra-Jacobin want of humour, his Dissenting minister habit of preaching, and the combination in him of the aforesaid want of humour and a sort of abortive logic which made him stick at no consequence of his principles, however absurd. He is almost unique (though some of our modern Socialists run him very hard) in degree; he is not at all peculiar in kind. Therefore it is that the reading of him is so beneficial. That his justice was only a plagiarism, spoilt in the plagiarising, from the Christianity he despised; that the distribution of it could not be for one day carried on, or the means of distributing provided, without the polity and the property that he abhorred; that his communists of women would be at each other's throats in an hour, and his communists of goods would become a community of slaves and slaveowners in a month;—all these things never so much as suggested themselves to him. And before we wonder too much that they did not, let us remember that there are men, not indeed often even his equals, but still not absolute idiots, to whom they never suggest themselves to-day.

NOVELS.

IN *Pearl-Powder* Mrs. Annie Edwardes takes us back to the beginning of this century; and, by making a certain Lady Joan Carr one of the principal figures, has given an element of quaintness to the story which is distinctly pleasing. Lady

* *Pearl-Powder*. By Mrs. Annie Edwardes. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

One of the Wicked. By Godfrey Burchett. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Recha. By Dorothea Gerard. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

The Haunted Organist of Hurly Burly; and other Stories. By Rosa Mulholland. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1890.

Princess Fedor's Pledge; and other Stories. By George Manville Fenn. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1890.

Wooing—Stories of the Course that Never Did Run Smooth. By R. E. Francillon and other Writers. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1890.

Joan gave card-parties, took snuff, drove in a chariot, believed firmly in the advantages of cosmetics, rouge, and "pearl-powder"; called chariot "chawyt," lilacs "laylocks," gold "goold," and yellow "yaller," and had had a history. Our heroine, Philippa Harkness, is introduced to us in a startlingly abrupt manner. "Lippa loves you, my dear"; and upon that she kissed him, nestling the tender peach-bloom of her cheek against his hirsute, ugly face." This forward person was aged six; had stolen out when her elders were busily engaged over a card-party, having first wrapped herself in an ermine tippet belonging to the formidable Lady Joan, and had been found roaming about in the snow by a man known in game-preserving and game-snaring circles as "Castaway Jo." After a struggle with his worst nature and the temptation of a diamond locket worn by the little damsel, softened by her demonstrative affection and innocent confidence in him, "Castaway Jo" takes her home. The next scene opens when she is eighteen. "Castaway Jo" remains her friend, and makes himself useful as a model, "exhaustlessly suggestive of male rascaldom," to a young painter, Philippa's first lover. The story of Philippa's life, adventures, friendship with Lady Joan and her ruse-loving companion Anne Page, increasing interest in a man whose history is a mystery until brought to light by Lady Joan, and the unexpected, but perhaps not altogether unnatural, ending to the book, make it one quite worth reading, even absorbing for the time. Lady Joan's death is a warning to pleasure-loving old dames. "In the whirl and zenith of a town season Lady Joan Carr died suddenly. Her ladyship's demise was cut from the same piece of which her life had been fashioned; she made her exit at one of the Duchess of Caradoc's whist tables, and precisely as she had desired, fiddlers playing, footlights ablaze, the house looking on." In Philippa's life there are certainly more bad half-hours than good ones. Mrs. Edwards gives us a hint of this when, on the girl's exclaiming, "If only the last half-hour could be blotted," we find this remark, "At seventeen erasure seems so facile. We learn later that the ink is indelible which records all human half-hours—the bad half-hours more especially."

One of the Wicked justly bears out its title. It begins with a murder; how, when, where, and by whom it is committed. The story is ingeniously worked out; and, although one's mind is settled at the onset with a certainty of who the murderer is, still the working up of his discovery, the way in which he—surely one of the most wicked—gets the blame attached to an innocent girl, the craft with which he destroys all evidence against him, except the one apparently most unimportant thing, which finally betrays him, makes the story as thrilling as a Miss Braddon novel without the mystery which sometimes marks her books. One of the most telling chapters in *One of the Wicked* is that in which the girl who is suspected of the murder has an interview with her counsel, and, finding how difficult it will be to prove her innocence of the murder, determines to bring herself in for manslaughter, and so swears a falsehood to her counsel, and describes the death of the man:—

He wanted to kiss me; I thought he would do me harm. It was done in scuffling. I stepped back and back, and he came forward towards me. I threatened him with the grasshopper to keep him back, but he came on, and he seized my arms—and it was a struggle; not a struggle that tore my dress, but he held my arms and in jerking them so—not thinking what I was doing and struggling, I plunged it. It was the scuffling.

Her reasonings with herself before she swears to this lie, her conviction that, innocent as she is of the murder, the only way to prove her innocence of the great crime is to confess to the lesser one, are all vividly told. The book is not all a mass of wickedness; there is some pretty sentiment running through it, with a happy ending to the love story. And amongst the amusing bits is a discussion in a smoking-room over the formation of a new habitation of the Primrose League. One of the smokers airs his opinions in this fashion. "Women in politics! Well, I was against them, poof! The League's introduced them; it taps all classes with its roots, and I've said they're like leaves on the branches. Well, women are all Conservatives. A Radical philosopher has said that. Let them come in! They know in a household everything must have its place; you can't upset it and then have it too; the baby at the decanter, I've said, and the horse upstairs. Well, that's a Conservative! Let them come in. I approve it."

In *Recha* we have a curious story, the scene of which is laid in a town in East Galicia, described as "as irregular, as straggling, as dilapidated, as badly lighted, and as badly paved, as any other provincial town in East Galicia." In this wretched town, whose principal inhabitants seemed to be extortionate Jewish money-lenders, was quartered a hussar regiment, lending easy victims to these Jews, amongst whom was one Lieutenant Borkam. The way in which these unprincipled wolves get their hold over these unlucky young men is graphically described; but the interest of the story is centred in "Recha," the heroine, the lovely daughter of the most unprincipled, and, therefore, the most flourishing of the gang. She is used as a "decoy bird" by her father. Bound up in him and her love for him, prepared to make any sacrifice for his sake, she mechanically does her duty, until aroused to the sense of her degradation by Theodor Borkam, who falls in love with her at first sight and is determined to save her. What they endure for each other's sake, and how it all ends, we will not spoil the interest of the book by describing. It is easy reading, and the writing is simple and unaffected.

In the "Idle Hour Series," edited by Alfred H. Miles,

we have *The Haunted Organist of Hurly Bury*; and other Stories, by Rosa Mulholland, containing a collection of tales "of sorts," of which *The Haunted Organist* is the most original, as far as ghosts are concerned, though so much has been written and told of them that an original ghost is well nigh an impossibility; but they are always fascinating, whether horrible in their weirdness, or fantastic as in *The Haunted Organist*. Talking of weirdness, "A Strange Love Story," in this same volume, is a very good specimen of it. "The Signor John" and "The Fit of Ailsie's Shoe" are pretty love stories.

Princess Fedor's Pledge is another of the "Idle Hours Series"—*Princess Fedor's Pledge* and "A Medical Error" being the most original and capable of giving interested moments to the hour-idler.

Wooing-Stories of the Course that Never Did Run Smooth is another title of these books, and deserves its name. "The Frog who would a wooing go" had better learn his lesson from some of them; perhaps "A Romance of Ryde Pier" and "A Romance of the Road" may be useful in the way of suggestion as to how to act under these circumstances.

KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA—VOL. III.*

MR. PARKMAN'S series of volumes on France and England in North America leave a gap of nearly fifty years, extending over the first half of the eighteenth century, for he has, as yet, published nothing between his *Count Frontenac and New France* and his two volumes on *Montcalm and Wolfe*. This gap is now filled up by the recent publication of Dr. Kingsford's third volume, which brings the continuous history of the French occupation down to the beginning of the final struggle for the possession of the Continent. Dr. Kingsford speaks somewhat apologetically of having introduced two subjects which he very rightly estimates as indispensable to a complete presentment of his task; these are the settlement of Hudson's Bay, and a brief account of Louisiana in its relationship with Canada. So much also of European affairs it has been necessary to include as will explain the events which led to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and determined the acceptance by Great Britain of those of its conditions which bore unfavourably on her American colonies.

With regard to Hudson's Bay, Dr. Kingsford has rendered his country the service of completely disproving, by documentary evidence, and even by the admissions of the French explorers, the fable that this territory was discovered or first settled by French expeditions from Lake Superior or other landward advances from the south. He establishes the priority of English discovery and settlement by maritime expeditions from northern waters. Owing to the subservieny of James II. to Versailles no attempt was made to resent the subsequent French invasion of the territory and the expulsion of the English settlers; for more than a quarter of a century it was held as a French possession, but was restored to England by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Even to the present day the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company are little more than trading stations in the wilderness. It is to be regretted that the jealousy of the Company's officials in denying access to their archives should have thrown difficulties in the way of Dr. Kingsford's researches for the establishment of facts which redound to our national credit.

To the revocation of the Edict of Nantes Dr. Kingsford attributes the failure of France to found at the mouths of the Mississippi a province strong in population and with energy capable of expansion. She failed in great degree simply from lack of men to send there at the very time when she was driving over to England the Huguenots who would have consolidated her power if directed to America. Yet the possession of Louisiana led to the attempt on the valley of the Ohio which brought on the war that ended in the loss of Canada, while the Southern colony lent no help to New France to avert the catastrophe. Exaggerated reports of the mineral wealth of Louisiana prevented the cultivation of the land, and produced famine and distress. Indian troubles, and quarrels between the civil and religious authorities, checked, as they had done in Canada, the development of the young colony; it was not till 1768 that it was erected into a separate province independent of Quebec. The scanty population, and the unhealthy nature of the climate, induced the new Government to take a step, adopted from their Spanish neighbours and rivals, which produced far-reaching consequences by no means yet settled in that part of America. The first cargo of negro slaves was landed in 1719. The collapse of Law's system, which had given undue prominence to the colony, re-acted disastrously upon it, and the competition of the British colonies on the northern frontier extended the struggle for sovereignty to the south of the continent.

Having dealt with these two episodes, Dr. Kingsford proceeds with the history of Canada proper, which his second volume brought down to the death of De Vaudreuil in 1755. His successor in the governorship of Canada, M. de Beauharnois, held office for twenty-one years, nearly contemporary with Walpole's tenure of office in England. With the exception of the three closing years, they were years of nominal peace, both England and France being exhausted by costly wars and by the failure of schemes of spec-

* *The History of Canada*. By William Kingsford, LL.D. Vol. III. London: Trübner & Co.

lation. Yet events in Acadia and Louisiana show that during much of the time peace only existed in name. New ecclesiastical quarrels disturbed Quebec; faults, as usual, existed on both sides. The population of Canada steadily increased, and enterprises, which led to more or less Indian trouble, were undertaken for opening up the West. The occupation of Crown Point on Lake Champlain by the French, in 1731, led to the war of twenty years later. Beyond the career of a partisan leader in the *petite guerre*, which was always winked at by the Government of Quebec, there was small opening for native Canadians; education was little developed; indeed, there was no printing press in the colony until after the English conquest—a strange contrast to the policy even of the Spaniards, who printed books in Mexico as early as 1555. The main interest of the present volume centres in the fate of Acadia. Dr. Kingsford has gone very thoroughly and fully into the transactions which led to the expatriation of the inhabitants. It is satisfactory to find that he is completely in accord with Mr. Parkman as to the absolute necessity of this policy, distorted and discoloured as it has been by glamour of false sentiment in *Evangeline*, from which nine people out of ten take their ideas of the history of the province. Acadia had been confirmed to France by the Peace of Ryswick; immediately afterwards French priests commenced the policy of inciting their Indian converts to surprise and attack small settlements near the frontier—a policy in which they persisted for fifty years. Dr. Kingsford distinctly traces the responsibility for these proceedings to the missionaries:—

The power of the priests over their savage neophytes was unbounded; the threat of abandoning them would have sufficed to check this bad spirit. The word of reproval had only to be spoken. That word during the succeeding years was never uttered; and these so-called ministers of peace were to the last foremost in urging on the work of death and devastation.

The deliberate cruelties of these raids had no other effect than to awake the dogged resolution of New England to the fact that the conquest of Canada was necessary to her national preservation. Massachusetts, threatened by privateers from Port Royal, attempted, unsuccessfully at first, the conquest of the place. An expedition against it in 1707 was repulsed; but three years later the colonists succeeded in taking it; the name was changed to Annapolis, and the inhabitants within a circuit of three miles were given two years during which, if not desirous to go before, they must take the oath of fidelity to the Crown of Great Britain. Pretext after pretext was found for evading the necessity of taking these oaths, and the French persevered in their policy of keeping alive the spirit of disaffection, successive Governors of Canada directing the *habitants* to incite the Indians to attack Nova Scotia. By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 Acadia was definitely ceded to Great Britain; but France retained Cape Breton, and the right of fishing in Newfoundland—which latter stipulation has not yet ceased to give rise to misunderstandings between the two countries. The retention of Cape Breton had been insisted on by France as a vantage ground whence they might attempt the reconquest of Acadia. The priests continued their terrorism over the uneducated Acadians, persuading them that the English occupation was only temporary, and that their civil and religious welfare was imperilled if they took the oaths of allegiance to King George. England neglected to cope with the difficulty, and for years delayed extreme measures, in the hopes of avoiding the necessity for them. Dr. Kingsford does not absolve from censure the Government of George I., which neglected to furnish the colony with the military strength which would then, by quiet firmness, have put down the spirit of disaffection; at a later date sterner measures were necessary. Meanwhile on Cape Breton the fortress of Louisbourg was growing up as a centre for future conquests, and the settlement of Acadia was deliberately impeded by French intrigues. The duplicity of the French authorities in encouraging devastation during a time of peace has scarcely a parallel in history, and the same policy was soon extended from Acadia to the fertile valleys of Pennsylvania. For years Acadia was neglected by the home Government, and things there were left to adjust themselves. This apathy and incompetence prevailed until the national spirit was aroused by the genius of Chatham. In Canada the expeditions from Quebec and Montreal, until the days of Montcalm, were only those known as *la petite guerre*, the surprise of helpless settlements, and the captivity, too often the massacre by Indians, of women and children. No military or political end was gained, but undying hatred was aroused. Foremost in Acadia was the priest, Le Loutre, bitter, unscrupulous, and totally regardless of truth or honour in hounding on the ignorant *habitants* to their own ruin. Louisbourg had become a constant source of dread to New England, till, without help or suggestion from home, Boston organized an expedition, and besieged and captured the place in 1745. Its loss was felt in France to be fatal to her interests, but an attempt to retake it two years later ended in disastrous failure. Dr. Kingsford believes that the desire of France to regain Louisbourg was the main motive which led to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The sacrifice was forced on England by her want of success on the Continent, and the place was given up in 1749. The western territory was now beginning to attract attention. Charlevoix and La Verendrye had opened up the road to Lake Winnipeg, though the claim made in modern times for the latter as the discoverer of the Rocky Mountains is shown by Dr. Kingsford to be untenable. They were first seen and mentioned by ten unknown

Canadians in 1751. La Galissonière, the new Governor-General of Canada, foresaw that the loss of America to France would mean the preponderance of England in Europe; to provide against this he determined to link his province with Louisiana by taking possession of the Ohio valley, undeterred by the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Expeditions were sent to conciliate the Indians, who were generally more favourably disposed to the English by reason of the greater cheapness of goods from Albany. The cession of Cape Breton to France awoke the attention of the home Government to Nova Scotia, and Halifax was built as a counterpoise to Louisbourg. Access by land from Cape Breton to Canada was thereby cut off; more necessary than ever was it for the French to regain Acadia. A system of outrages by Indians was set on foot with the direct connivance of the authorities at Quebec, and an English officer named Howe was decoyed and murdered by the orders of the infamous Le Loutre. Every straggler from Halifax was slaughtered, every courier intercepted and killed, even before the countries had drifted into open war. The Acadians resisted every attempt at conciliation; and at length Lawrence, the Governor of Nova Scotia, became convinced that the French were only waiting an opportunity to attack him, and that the Acadians in that event would rise *en masse*. They had been disloyal subjects for fifty years, and now precipitated measures by their own insolence. After a final vain attempt to get them to take the oath of allegiance, their expatriation was resolved on as an unavoidable measure of self-preservation, and was carried out as humanely as possible under the circumstances. The Acadians were distributed among the English colonies, where they experienced better treatment from strangers than the fugitives who reached Quebec received at the hands of their own countrymen. Dr. Kingsford throws doubt on the statement that any of them could have founded a colony still existing in Louisiana, though in a volume recently published by Mr. Dudley Warner a visit to this community is described.

Europe had now taken part in the struggle for the Ohio, which commenced in earnest on the occupation by the French of Fort Duquesne. The name of Washington first appears as a young colonial major sent by Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, to protest against this act. In 1754 two regiments were despatched from England under General Braddock. On landing in Virginia three months were wasted before the colonies could be got to assist the expedition. Braddock at length started without proper commissariat, and without Indian allies, for a march of 122 miles through a rocky wilderness. He accomplished it successfully to within a few miles of Fort Duquesne, where, believing all danger of surprise to be over, he suffered his force to fall into an ambush of Indians, whose convergent fire cut them to pieces without their being able even to see the enemy. Braddock himself was killed; his memory has suffered from the depreciatory estimate of him by Franklin written thirty-three years afterwards, the inaccuracy of which, as well as Franklin's own disgraceful conduct, Dr. Kingsford exposes. The Governor-General of Canada, the last French occupant of the office, was now the Marquis de Vaudreuil, a native-born Canadian, and son of the former Governor-General of that name. The colony was suffering from scarcity of money, and was a prey to all manner of official corruption. The French troops were commanded in 1755 by Dieskau, who led an expedition down Lake George, where he defeated the English, but was afterwards forced to retreat. Reinforcements arrived from France next year under the Marquis de Montcalm. He succeeded in gaining over a number of Indians to his side, and, holding the English in check on Lake George, he attacked and captured Oswego on Lake Ontario, thus gaining the command of the great Lakes. The year closed in profound depression all over the British Provinces, while New France felt herself secure from future aggression. How the next three years belied the expectations of both sides will be seen when we get Dr. Kingsford's fourth volume.

A word of thanks is due to him for the maps which, on a suggestion adopted from these columns, he has added to the present volume. They are scarcely so good as the typography of his book would lead one to expect, and cannot compare favourably with those given by Mr. Parkman; still they are a considerable help as avoiding the necessity for constant reference to an atlas.

BOOKS ON HYPNOTISM.*

DR. MOLL'S work aims at being a text-book on hypnotism, and has been described as the best we have upon the subject. That it certainly is not. It has two cardinal faults which would prevent it from ever being an acceptable text-book; it is confused and controversial. Moreover, the author, though he cites an enormous number of modern authorities—chiefly German—upon the subject, continually gives the impression of having gained his knowledge of their labours at second hand. Certainly he has a ludicrously inadequate notion of the relative value of his witnesses. Heidenhain and Charcot are sharply criticized and even stamped upon, while Messieurs of the Psychological Research Society are solemnly quoted as high scientific authorities (Heaven save the mark!). A writer who cheerfully accuse

* *Hypnotism*. By Albert Moll, M.D. London: Walter Scott. 1890.
Psycho-Therapeutics. By C. Lloyd Tuckey, M.D. Second edition. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox. 1890.

Chareot of carelessness and mistakes while he accepts the dicta of Mr. F. Myers will hardly be taken as a sound guide by scientific men. At the same time Dr. Moll's book is by no means without merit. For one thing, it covers nearly the whole ground, though very unequally; and for another, it is written in a fairer spirit than most recent books on the same subject. In spite of the writer's evident bias on some important disputed points, there are not wanting indications of a desire on his part to be impartial and scientific. Several of the more interesting aspects of hypnotism are handled with knowledge and intelligence, and the unlearned reader will not fail to derive instruction from the book.

The subject is divided into nine chapters. The first gives a history of hypnotism, which is, however, meagre, scrappy, and inaccurate. For instance, he says that "at the beginning Mesmer made great use of the magnet in the treatment of diseases." This is not correct. He only used it in one case, and gave it up even in that after a few sittings. Again, Dr. Moll says, "Whether Mesmer knew of this condition" (artificial somnambulism) "or not is uncertain." Considering that Mesmer wrote a pamphlet the greater part of which is occupied with an elaborate explanation of this very condition, there is not much uncertainty in the matter. These and similar mistakes are not important, but they disfigure a text-book and give a general impression of untrustworthiness. More important is Dr. Moll's repetition of the fallacy that Braid did not recognize the value of suggestion; for upon this statement largely rests the claim of modern hypnotists to have discovered a new and valuable power. Braid was as well acquainted with suggestion as Dr. Bernheim himself, as may be seen by consulting a paper of his in the *Monthly Journal of Medical Science* for 1853.

In the second chapter, among other things, some very interesting points are discussed. One of these is susceptibility—who is hypnotizable? Dr. Moll disagrees with most observers that weakness, especially nerve weakness, predisposes to hypnotism. He has hypnotized many very muscular persons, and thinks that "intelligent persons are more easily hypnotizable than the dull and stupid." Further, he considers it a complete mistake to say that the disposition to hypnosis is a sign of weakness of will. On this point we may remark that it is difficult to say what is ordinarily meant by a "weak" or a "strong" will. The latter generally means either marked selfishness, or obstinacy or bad temper, all of which have nothing to do with susceptibility to hypnotism. We agree with Dr. Moll that the personal factor of the operator is important. A can be hypnotized by B, he says, while he remains refractory to the efforts of C; and, on the other hand, it may happen that D can be hypnotized by C, but not by B. "The influence of one person over another is dependent on the individuality of both." Another very interesting point is the power of resistance. Dr. Moll goes further than most observers, but we think he is right when he says that certain persons accustomed to obedience can be hypnotized at the first attempt even against their will. He quotes the experience of Heidenhain in successfully hypnotizing soldiers in the presence of their officers, who had strictly forbidden them to sleep. Considering that they were Prussian soldiers, this experiment is a very strong proof.

The third chapter deals with the effects of hypnotism, and is at once the best and the worst in the book. It is the worst, because the least clear and the least scientific. This arises from Dr. Moll's anxiety to bring all the physical phenomena, chiefly observed by the Paris school, under the head of suggestion, in accordance with the tenets of the Nancy school, of which he is a follower—an impossible task. This academic controversy will not interest the general reader, and we will pass it over, merely remarking that to the impartial observer it is perfectly obvious that the truth lies with neither exclusively, but between them. In the earlier part of this chapter Dr. Moll, in dealing with the physical effects of hypnotism—of which he gives a very inadequate account—wanders about in the most hazy and bewildering way; but in the second part, which comprises the psychical effects, he is far more at home, and gives a good and full discussion of the questions of the memory, of post-hypnotic suggestion, of consciousness, of resistance, and of training. One of the most interesting questions to the public is that of compelling people to do things by means of post-hypnotic suggestion—that is to say, by giving an order during hypnosis which is to be executed on awaking. Dr. Moll's opinion is that we can with certainty by means of post-hypnotic suggestion compel many actions which the subject in normal circumstances would refuse to perform, and that we may, in consequence, consider such acts purely compulsory. A good instance is given of the extraordinary influence of hypnosis on the memory. An English officer in Africa was hypnotized by Hansen, and suddenly began to speak a strange language. This turned out to be Welsh, which he had learnt as a child but had forgotten. Dr. Moll has some good remarks on the completeness with which hypnotics assume a suggested character, and the rapidity with which they can pass from one to another. Few actors, he says, are able to accommodate and assimilate themselves to their own idea of a character—e.g. that of Julius Cæsar—as thoroughly as a hypnotic subject can do. In spite of this, a change can be made instantaneously to another character, which is assumed with equal completeness. The subject is now Napoleon I., now a carpenter, now a dog, &c. There are some very acute observations on "training" in this chapter, which are well worth the attention

of hypnotists. Subjects become by repeated experiments as if were educated to go through a particular series of performances, and observers may thus be misled into attaching undue weight to such prepared phenomena.

The remaining chapters, in which the theory, the medical uses, and the legal aspects of hypnotism are discussed, are less full and less interesting. But we may draw attention to Dr. Moll's concluding remarks, in which he takes "men of science" to task for loftily dismissing as absurd that which they have never seen and have made no attempt to test. The story of the discoveries of Galileo, Copernicus, Harvey, and Columbus might have made them more careful; yet we find men of position to-day, such as Sir Andrew Clark and Dr. Richardson, doing the very same thing, and laboriously disproving by *a priori* arguments, or explaining away the existence of that which their colleagues and equals have seen with their own eyes, simply because the thing seems to them improbable. They are like the man who had never seen the sea, and argued that there could be no such thing, but that those who spoke of it had mistaken rivers and lakes for it. Dr. Moll's book is translated from the second German edition. The translation is fair, but neither author nor translator has any literary gift.

Dr. Lloyd Tuckey's *Psycho-Therapeutics* deals, as its name implies, almost exclusively with the application of suggestion to medical uses. He is an even more enthusiastic disciple of the Nancy School than Dr. Moll, and between the two the reader may form a fair opinion of what is, and is likely to be, the practical outcome of hypnotism in the actual treatment of disease. The diseases claimed (and no doubt justly claimed) to have been successfully treated are hysteria (various forms), rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis (various forms), insomnia, dyspepsia, dipsomania, morphinomania, and a great many nervous disorders; in short, functional troubles, especially those directly dependent on the nervous system. Now these are precisely the cases which were successfully treated by Braid, and before him by Mesmer, as any one may satisfy himself by reading their books. It is difficult to see what great advance has been made by the supposed discovery of suggestion, and how the big words of Dr. Bernheim and his followers are to be justified. Much importance has been laid upon the treatment of dipsomania and morphinomania. These truly are new or newly named diseases, and therefore their treatment as such is new. We have no doubt that some success has attended the application of hypnotism to this class of cases; but we beg leave to quote Dr. Tuckey on the subject, and in doing so to congratulate him on having made so honest an avowal. "I am thoroughly convinced of the value of hypnotic suggestion as an aid to moral reform" (he is speaking of drunkenness); "but I recognize its limits, and I know that its indiscriminate employment will only bring disappointment to the patients and discredit to the system." The reasons he gives are too long to quote, but are well worth attention. In this connection it will no doubt surprise modern medical hypnotists to learn that they were forestalled by an amateur forty years ago. "This power of influencing the waking actions by a promise made in sleep may be most usefully applied," wrote Professor Gregory in 1851. "I have lately seen a person who had been induced by Mr. Lewis to promise, while in the sleep, to abstain from fermented liquors, and had in his ordinary state steadily adhered to that promise. Mr. Lewis informs me that he has broken many persons off the habit of drinking, as well as of other bad habits in this way." This fairly disposes of the Nancy "discoveries" as treatment by suggestion. With regard to the dangers arising from the use of hypnotism, Dr. Tuckey is inclined rather to poo-poo them; but his opinion is quite contrary to that of several of the most eminent French hypnotists, such as Richer, Beaunis, and Liégeois, and hardly agrees with some of the cases adduced by himself. His book is agreeably written.

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

ALTHOUGH Dr. Cunningham published a book some years ago on the *Growth of English Industry and Commerce*, he justly claims that the volume before us, though bearing the same title, should be treated as the first instalment of a new work. Besides containing a large number of fresh facts, it deals with its subject more thoroughly, and takes note of the results of all the more important investigations which have lately been made into matters connected with English economic history. He begins well by defining the scope of his inquiry, and laying down the method in which he proposes to conduct it. And he goes on as he begins; his facts are never jumbled together, his theories are clearly expressed, and his treatise is remarkably free from the woolliness which too often disfigures works of a similar kind. After stating the relations between his special study and the history of politics and of current convictions as regards questions of morals, he examines the causes and limitations of economic progress and the character of its history, which he describes as presenting, not a continuous course of change in any one direction, but the "growth and subsequent decay of a series of different organisms as they were in turn affected

* *The Growth of English Industry and Commerce during the Early and Middle Ages.* By W. Cunningham, D.D., Vicar of St. Mary's the Great, University Lecturer, and Lecturer in Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1890.

by political, moral, or physical conditions." As these economic organisms depended on the framework of society, he divides his book according to successive periods of political change, treating separately, for example, the feudal period from the Conquest to the accession of Edward I., and the period of "Representation and Legislation" from 1307 to 1377, as having each its own economic characteristics corresponding to, and dependent on, contemporary politics. He has no sympathy with efforts to exalt the economic side of a nation's history above its political record, and points out that, as the life is more than meat, so national greatness is a higher thing than industrial prosperity. In dealing with his main divisions he begins with a short view of the forces which influenced the development of English society during the period under consideration, devotes some chapters to a sketch of the progress of trade and industry, and ends with a discussion of the economic doctrines prevalent at the time. We gather that he has not himself worked at manuscript sources of information, such as court-rolls, manorial accounts, or the register-books of boroughs. The part which he has chosen to fulfil is that of working up and pointing out the significance of facts which others have collected. His conclusions are the result of independent judgment, and while he fully acknowledges his obligations to earlier workers in the same field, he expresses his disagreement with Professor Thorold Rogers and other authorities on several important questions.

Dr. Cunningham begins his history with a description of the mode of agriculture prevalent in Frisia after the people had relinquished their migratory habits; he explains the account which Tacitus gives of the system of extensive tillage—a fresh portion of the waste land was broken up every year, and each member of the village community received a share of the land to be his for one year only—and points out how the introduction of more careful tillage led to the abandonment of the yearly re-allotment, and how the villager, besides his common rights in woodland and pasture, acquired an exclusive right over particular plots of arable land. No decided opinion is expressed by Dr. Cunningham as to whether this change had been made before the immigration. He rejects without hesitation the theory that the Roman civilization substantially survived the English conquest, and reappeared in the institutions of the eleventh century. The English occupation was the settlement of an armed people, and the land was divided among groups of warriors, who were connected by the tie of the sept, and were already "organized for military discipline and police responsibility." Although independent village communities had disappeared by the time of the Norman Conquest, it is, as Dr. Cunningham says, impossible to believe that the cultivation of the land was carried on by a servile population. Free warriors associated themselves together in the newly-conquered country for the same purposes as in their old homes, though the mark was no longer the basis of organization. The method of cultivation which they followed is clearly explained, and the rotation of crops on the three-field system is illustrated by a diagram. During the period before the coming of the Normans personal ties gave way to proprietary obligations, the cultivators of the soil lost their independence, and the village communities were superseded by lordships. The change is not so unintelligible as some recent writers would have us believe. Each of the early villages was a self-sufficing community, and industry was paid, not by the job or the hour, but by an allowance for the maintenance of the workman. Some indications, however, are to be found in very early times of a desire to encourage internal trade, which was for the most part carried on in regular places and at regular intervals. The beginnings of town-life and a vast increase in commerce were brought about by the Danish invasions, and by the time of the Conquest the trade of England was "large and definitely regulated." In an interesting section on the conditions of this early trade Dr. Cunningham deals with the circulation of coin and the modes of computation and measurement. In his review of the economic changes of the Feudal period he gives a short account of the sources of the royal revenue, comments on the information to be found in Domesday as to the wealth of the country, and then comes to the most important effect of the Conquest, so far as his purpose is concerned—the increased intercourse with the Continent which it opened to England. His theory that craft guilds were first formed by Frenchmen because they found themselves treated as aliens in the towns in which they settled strikes us as very strange. It is supported by the assertion that one of the so-called Laws of William the Conqueror provides that the French who settled in England in the reign of the Confessor should be at scot and lot with the English; for, it is argued, this proves that the newcomers held an exceptional position which, though at first one of privilege, was soon found to entail disabilities. A reference to the "Law" in question will, we think, convince Dr. Cunningham that he has mistaken its purport. Nor can we allow that the entry in Domesday as to the distinction between the French and English in Hereford is much to the purpose, for these matters were ordered according to the laws of William Fitz-Osbern. Surely Dr. Cunningham does not suppose that Frenchmen living in London were under special disabilities in the reign of Henry I., or that Gilbert Becket, the portreeve, was "in the community, but not of it." Some suggestive remarks on the relations between the Merchant gild and the craft guilds in the fourteenth century will be found in their proper place. As Dr. Cunningham has been allowed to refer to Dr. Gross's forthcoming *Gild Merchant*, we get a good deal on that subject

which is well worthy of remark, though it will, perhaps, be well to withhold our comments until we have the pleasure of reading what Dr. Gross has to tell us in his own book. Efforts to secure communal prosperity gradually gave way before regulations in the interests of the people at large and the rise of a general commercial policy. This change is intimately connected with constitutional development, and the foundation of it is to be found in the work of consolidation carried out by Edward I., whose attempts, as recorded here, to deal with industry and trade as matters of concern to the whole State are rightly viewed as part of his scheme of national organization. Definite schemes for the promotion of national prosperity are to be discerned in the legislation of Edward III., and though the King's aims are perhaps too favourably interpreted here, there can be no doubt that he strenuously endeavoured to foster foreign commerce and domestic industries. His commercial policy was directed to securing cheap imports and a high price for exports; he tried by the Ordinance of the Staple to bring foreign merchants over to England, to ensure good competition for our wool, while he interfered with the Gascon wine trade in order to keep prices down. The result of his legislation was, as Dr. Cunningham remarks, that the English merchant was unfairly weighted as compared with the foreigner; he was forbidden to export wool so that it might be sold dear, and to import wine in order that it might be sold cheap. Nor was dear wool, though it certainly brought the King increased revenue—a point which should have been given prominence—an unmixed blessing to the subject; for the high price injuriously affected the native manufacture of the coarser kinds of cloth. Edward's efforts to plant new industries by encouraging the immigration of Flemish weavers were more decidedly beneficial than his interference with commerce.

With the Black Death the economic history of England enters on a new stage. That the plague carried off about half the population of the country is perhaps a safe estimate; what the population was cannot easily be determined. Dr. Cunningham argues against Professor Rogers's theory that it was much the same as at the time of the poll-tax of 1377—that is, about two and a half millions; he believes that the population did not materially recover during the twenty-five years after the plague, and considers that the assertion that England could not have fed five millions in the middle of the fourteenth century is founded on a miscalculation. His view of the legislation which followed as to wages and labour is, we think, sounder than that taken by Mr. Seebohm; it was not tyrannical because it was accompanied by an attempt to bring prices down to their old level; it was unfair because the changes in coinage made prices rise. The succeeding period was marked by an increase in the wealth and power of the merchant class. In order to satisfy the merchants a new scheme of mercantile policy was adopted; the privileges of alien traders were curtailed, and attempts were made to encourage native shipping. While Edward III. aimed at bringing foreign merchants to English markets, and had allowed both exports and imports to be carried in foreign ships, an Act passed in the reign of his grandson forbade any of the King's subjects to ship any goods, "but only in ships of the King's liegance." Meanwhile landowners were in terrible straits on account of the scarcity of labour, and were driven to exact strictly from their villeins services which had to some extent fallen into desuetude. As regards this matter, however, Dr. Cunningham is again at issue with Professor Rogers, who, he says, "greatly antedates the time when services were commuted." Another point of difference between them relates to the date of the widespread change from tillage to sheep-farming. The decay of tillage is here said to have begun far earlier in the fifteenth century than Professor Rogers is disposed to allow, and to have occasioned a lack of rural employment. On the other hand, the manufacture of cloth had grown with extraordinary rapidity, and in some parts—particularly, we may suppose, in the neighbourhood of clothing towns—it became difficult to keep up the supply of rural labour. It was a period of transition during which men began to form new economic ideas; the principles on which mediæval trade had been conducted were fast becoming obsolete. The extent and character of this change in doctrine are ably pointed out by our author. Instead of aiming at plenty, as Edward III. had done, the merchants and statesmen of the succeeding age aimed at power; they discouraged alien traders, and sought to foster native shipping and to increase the treasure of the country. They thus laid the foundations of the mercantile system, which was fully worked out by the Tudor kings. On this matter Dr. Cunningham aptly quotes the remark of Bacon that Henry VII. bowed the ancient polity of this realm "from consideration of plenty to consideration of power." He adds that we have under Cobden's direction reverted to the commercial policy of Edward III. In this volume the history is brought down to the accession of Elizabeth, and, among other matters belonging to the first four Tudor reigns, the decay and destruction of gilds and the enclosing of land are fully dealt with. Besides giving, in an appendix, several documents illustrative of his text, Dr. Cunningham has reprinted from the text of M. Wolowski the curious treatise of Nicolas Oresme, *De Mutatione Monetarium*, written about 1373.

CHAMBERS'S DESCRIPTIVE AND PRACTICAL ASTRONOMY.*

WHAT is Descriptive Astronomy? Thirty years ago an adequate reply would have been easily forthcoming; now the question is attended by some perplexity. The exclusive employment of the term, in fact, to designate a particular branch of science has been rendered inappropriate by time and progress. Descriptive astronomy has no longer a substantive existence.

The vast improvement of telescopes during the present century inevitably prompted attempts to interpret to the general public, by the aid of pen and pencil, the wonders they disclosed. The resulting compositions might be designated books of travel through the heavens. Their aim was to impart the results of exploration, not to teach methods, or to pry curiously into causes. This comparatively simple function had not yet, at the epoch of the first appearance of the valuable work now before us, become entangled with added and unfamiliar exigencies. Spectrum analysis was, in 1861, barely emerging into view. Celestial photography had been made the subject of a few promising experiments. The overwhelming importance to which each was about to attain lay outside the range of the most sagacious forecast.

One result of this unlooked-for growth has been to widen the scope, while complicating the task, of popular celestial exposition. The new science of "astrophysics" is equally impossible to be ignored and difficult to be suitably treated. It involves recondite questions in chemistry, optics, electricity, and physics, which can neither be fully discussed nor left wholly untouched in treatises adapted for general reading. On one side, there is the danger of bewilderment through saying too much; on the other, the fear of obscurity from saying too little. "Without overflowing," the stream of instruction should still be made to run full, deep, and clear. "Economy of truth" is indispensable; yet less so than integrity of statement. Narratives of telescopic discovery were hence far more recreative both to writers and readers than are recitals of spectroscopic novelties. Acquaintance with the latter can scarcely be said to exist at all unless it go a little more than skin-deep; and it is, indeed, the working of the inner organism, to which they serve as indications, that has become the real point of interest in all such inquiries.

The successive editions of the book under review testify curiously, by the successive modifications introduced into them, to the progress of this revolution. In 1867 the author considered spectrum analysis as "too purely a physical subject, and also in too infantine a state, to require notice" in his pages, although, he added, "the time may come." It assuredly has come; and he wisely conformed to altered circumstances in 1877, and still more markedly in 1890, by the admission of appropriate sections.

The form taken by the present issue requires a few words of explanation. It consists of three virtually independent works, the offspring through fission, it might be said, of the one parent volume in which the previous edition was comprised. The two first divisions of the fourth edition, dealing respectively with the "Sun, Planets, and Comets," and with "Instruments and Practical Astronomy," are on our table as we write; the third, on "The Starry Heavens," is announced to appear before the year closes. The whole constitutes an undeniably important addition to astronomical literature. Distinguished from the first for its general usefulness, the work was at once intelligible to ordinarily educated men and women, and serviceable, as an easily accessible storehouse of facts, to students and observers. These merits have been enhanced in the laborious preparation of the present augmented edition. The process of "bringing up to date" has been, on the whole, extremely well performed. Very few recent investigations of genuine merit have escaped the vigilance of Mr. Chambers and his collaborators. For he has judiciously invoked the aid of specialists in several branches. Mr. Denning is responsible for the extensive developments given to the chapters on "Meteoric Astronomy"; Mr. Maunder, of the Royal Observatory, contributes two excellent "Books" on Celestial Spectroscopy and Photography; Mr. Penrose expounds a graphical method of determining cometary orbits; Mr. W. T. Lynn has revised the tabular elements of the solar system.

A few omissions and inaccuracies, and a few superfluities, might be pointed out. Thus, among the methods enumerated for finding the sun's distance, neither that by the oppositions of the minor planets, nor that depending upon the velocity of light, is included. Yet there can be little doubt that they are precisely the two best available; and the former deserves just now special attention from the splendid series of observations upon the planetoids Victoria and Sappho made last year at the Cape for the express purpose of arriving at a more closely accurate value than heretofore of the fundamental datum of astronomy. Again, the chapter on the Earth contains no reference to experiments for ascertaining its mean density; and the probably apocryphal transit of the comet of 1819 is alleged (with due caution in the matter of its reality) as a solitary instance of the phenomenon, in apparent forgetfulness of the remarkable passage in front of the sun effected by the great comet of 1882. Dr. Haerdtl's calculations, showing Winnecke's comet to be exempt from the influence of a resisting medium, were, we presume, published too late for

notice; no less than the Lick observations, laying bare the illusory nature of certain supposed "bright lines" in the spectrum of Uranus. The statement that "at present the mean motion of the moon is being increased at the rate of about 12" every 100 years" might, with advantage, have been qualified. Newcomb's researches indicate for the "secular acceleration" a value of no more than 8" or 9", and render dubious the necessity for summoning tidal friction to the rescue of gravitational theory. Nor can any considerable heating of the lunar surface be reconciled with Professor Langley's and Dr. Boeddicker's measurements of lunar heat. The external temperature of our satellite approaches, it is likely, much more nearly to that of freezing than to that of boiling water. It appears to us, too, that Mr. Maunder's expressions with reference to the lines "H" and "K," conspicuous (one or both of them) in the photographed spectra of most stars, are somewhat misleading. He omits to explain that, while K is due to calcium solely, H owns a double origin, a broad hydrogen band sometimes involving a fine calcium ray, and vice versa. And, since hydrogen lines develop as if at the expense of other metallic lines, marked inequalities between H and K are displayed in passing from star to star, quite irrespectively of the molecular condition of calcium or of the distribution of its supposed elements.

Among the few pages of these volumes with which we could willingly dispense are those treating, at rather unnecessary length, of the "willow-leaf" and "Vulcan" controversies. Both have had their day; and both have, for different reasons, forfeited their once indisputable claim to detailed attention. We regret, besides, to miss none of the unmanly sallies against his Roman Catholic fellow-Christians which disfigured Mr. Chambers's earlier editions. The re-echoing of hackneyed taunts, effective only through imperfect knowledge, is unworthy of his high reputation.

The first part of the present Handbook is still built upon the old lines. Celestial chemistry has no place, celestial photography is scarcely once mentioned, in it. The necessary amount of information on each topic is, indeed, supplied in the second part; but its segregation detracts from the independent value of the first. An arrangement by which facts ascertained spectroscopically and photographically are disconnected from closely related facts ascertained telescopically, is evidently unsatisfactory, although, under the actual circumstances, it may have been unavoidable.

We have left the pleasantest portion of our task to the last. It is that of giving unstinted praise to the practical sections of the work under notice. The needs of amateur telescopists have been most successfully met in the chapters on instruments and the equipment of observatories, which the author's personal experience and the hints of his professional advisers have combined to render eminently trustworthy. As an instance of the solicitude with which practical helpfulness has been considered, it may suffice to mention the supply (slipped into the cover of the second volume) of plans and specifications for the erection of small observatories. The work embodies as well a vast amount of bibliographical and statistical information. Thus, seventy-seven pages are occupied by tabular data regarding comets alone, including the elements of 392 cometary orbits and a descriptive enumeration of 539 objects insufficiently observed for computing purposes. The indexes, on the other hand, leave a great deal to be desired in the way of completeness.

SEVEN SUMMERS.*

THE last four or five years at Eton have been marked by a more than usually plentiful crop of short-lived periodicals. The most successful and most vigorous was certainly *The Parachute*, which ran to three numbers in the summer half of last year. Its editors and those of another paper, the *Present Etonian*—whether they are the same persons or not we do not know—have now just produced a dainty volume in cream colour and light blue under the above title. Books about school-life at Eton, when they cease to be pure reminiscence, are never somehow quite successful, and this book is no exception to the rule. Probably the fault is one that is shared by all books written about school-life, and usually springs from their authors having forgotten what it is like. No schoolboy story except *Tom Brown* is worth reading, and we are not at all sure that, in his heart of hearts, a Rugby man does not find fault with that. The authors of *Seven Summers*, like the author of *A Day of My Life*, have the advantage of freshness of knowledge; but it is no disparagement to them to say that they are therefore handicapped in another way by their inexperience. We think the authors of the work under review made a mistake in mixing up a story with descriptive essays on Eton life and moral reflections on Eton habits and customs. Thus part of the book consists of essays, such as Chapter I. on Getting Up or Chapter III. on The Inner Man—which is a disquisition, not very novel, on Sock Cads; while about three-quarters of it are concerned with an association of three friends called the B.B. Club (what a hundred years ago, in old Eton slang, was called a "Con"), and

* *A Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy.* By George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S. Fourth edition. I. The Sun, Planets, and Comets. II. Instruments and Practical Astronomy. Clarendon Press: Oxford. 1889, 1890.

* *Seven Summers: an Eton Medley.* By the Editors of "The Parachute" and "Present Etonian." Eton: R. Ingalt Drake.

the adventures of these same three. These three, we are bound to say, have rather a woodenness about them, caused largely by their being intended as types of the Eton world. They are Ixworth, the Dry-bob; Bucklebury, the Wet-bob; and Witstock, the Steerer. Of the three, we prefer the last; he is far and away the most lively and, in our opinion, the most natural. Of the minor characters who revolve round the B.B. Club, we prefer the Shiny Fag and Peter Frank. In fact, Peter Frank—who is not an Etonian, but only “my tutor’s” footman—is, to our mind, the best character in the book, and reminds us of one we knew years ago who had occupied a similar position, though retired into more private life when we knew him. Peter Frank’s epigrams filter through the medium of the Shiny Fag to the upper circles of the house, and that, notably, on the Crocodile is worth quoting. The Crocodile, to whom a chapter is devoted, is a cur of the blackest character, purchased by “my tutor” as a pedigree bloodhound, who is expelled in turn from all parts of the house. What led to his being expelled from the kitchen was too great a longing for the calves of the cook’s young man, and the scene is thus described by Peter Frank:—

She was talkin’ to ‘er friend just as you and me might be doin’ ‘ere, and she ‘ears a buzzin’ noise in the corner, and cook she think no more till she see that (epithet) Crockydile a-settin’ on ‘er friend’s leg, for all the world like a bluebottle on a ‘am! And I ‘ear the noise and I comes runnin’ in and find cook a-leatherin’ of ‘im with the rollin’ pin, and I says “that ain’t no good.” I says, “that ain’t no more good than a lame flea. Get the pepper box.” I says, and we sprinkles a ‘andful of pepper on ‘is nose, and presently ‘e begins sneezin’ like mad, and let go and slink away a-sneezin’ of the piece.

The Shiny Fag is a character whose exact equal we have never met before and are only thankful he was never our fag; but Bucklebury seems able to manage him, which does infinite credit to his powers of moral suasion. “The Story of Dagon” will doubtless please those who knew Eton before the days of fights were done; but whether the schism at “my tutor’s,” which is very well described, especially the feelings of “my tutor,” could be ended now in such a way we will leave a younger generation of Etonians to decide; at all events, it is allowable, we suppose, in fiction. The sentimental element, against which we are inclined to protest, is supplied by Constance, “my tutor’s” daughter, a flirt of eight years old, who reduces the Dry-bob hero to desperation. Our author seems to be an enthusiastic follower of the beagles, and he describes his favourite pursuit with considerable animation, and an episode in the career of a quondam Master of the E.C.H. with feeling.

Among other things new to us of an older day appears to be a new torture invented for the habitually unpunctual—namely, the inscribing of one’s name five minutes before early school in a record book kept at the school office. There is one comfort in this, the office is nearer College than anywhere else, and Collegers, as the present lower master once informed his division in a memorable epigram, are proverbially unpunctual. There are one or two phrases, such as the ejaculation “cream-coloured Horatius,” which we could wish away, for they are neither amusing nor good English nor good slang. In conclusion, we may say that we have been interested, on the whole, in reading the book, and if mothers of Etonians want a good-humoured account of some of the things which their sons think and do, they could do many things worse than buy *Seven Summers*.

THIRTY YEARS OF COLONIAL GOVERNMENT.*

THAT the career of a Colonial Governor who had been placed over five colonies or dependencies would present incidents worth telling, and that they would be well told by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole, was to be anticipated. Sir George Bowen’s education was of the regular old-fashioned type; first a public school and then Oxford. He gained his first-class in Classics and a Fellowship at Brasenose in 1844. He can speak to a Cardinal in choice Italian, to a Greek patriarch in modern Greek, and to a French admiral in Parisian French. His public services extend over thirty years. He established representative government in the new colony of Queensland after its separation from New South Wales in 1860. He saw the end of the Maori war in New Zealand, and reconciled their warriors to the rule of the White Men. Towards the end of his public life, with the assistance of Sir G. Baden-Powell, he framed a new constitution for Malta. Mr. Lane-Poole has managed to sift and arrange the public and private correspondence placed at his disposal with discrimination and tact. For, to speak plainly, it is not always desirable that an ex-Governor should tell the story of his own trials and successes. Even in the hands of another editor there is a little too much of the Happy Valley and the Flowery Land. All Colonial Governors have their disappointments. There are rival interests to be reconciled. Ebullient freedom must be kept within bounds. If the Head of the administration cannot govern and originate, he must know when and how to interpose with judicious suggestions and to throw oil on the angry waters. He must not

offend the susceptibilities of the independent settlers, and he must yet take care that Imperial checks and moderating influences should not be resented. We get glimpses of angry debates, dislike to dictation, resignations of Ministers threatened and carried out, and all the other enlivening incidents of a healthy colonial squabble, but any dissents seem to have been drowned in the acclamations which greeted the Governor on his arrival or followed him on his departure from Brisbane, Wellington, and Hong Kong. Perhaps a song of praise was inevitable. It was incumbent on the editor to show that the principal figure in these two volumes was believed to have done his duty by the colonists and by the State. But we could wish that fewer pages had been allotted to congratulatory addresses and sonorous replies.

Still there is much to interest in the picture of the growth of representative institutions, in the proof that responsible government in the colonies cannot dispense with a Second Chamber, in the animated and graphic descriptions of colonial scenery, life, and manners, in the rapid transitions from rude natural harbours and squatters’ huts to splendid ports and wharves and imposing cities, and in the unmistakable evidence of the affection with which sheepowners and merchants regard their mother-country. The notion that some of our biggest colonial possessions were mere incumbrances which we might easily shake off, is now exploded. Complacent utterances as to final separation find no support in these volumes. It is to Sir G. Bowen’s credit that in every position of trust and importance he has done his utmost to discredit and shatter a theory so entirely at variance with all our best traditions as a nation and so opposed to the wishes and interests of the colonists themselves. It is now no longer necessary to remind Secretaries of State for the Colonies, whether Liberals or Conservatives, of the old fable of Menenius Agrippa.

Another novel and pleasing feature in these volumes is their abundance of classical illustrations. They are neither hackneyed nor pedantic. Virgil, Horace, Pindar, Æschylus, and, of course, Homer are respectively quoted with reference to a splendid view of a new country, on the arrival of an illustrious guest, on the untutored eloquence of a Maori in a war-dress, or on some episode in the struggle of parties for supremacy at the poll. In the Downs of Queensland, named after a former Governor of New South Wales, Sir George Bowen discerns the Peneus, the plain of Larissa, and the wide pastures of Homer. The squatters of Merivale are like the centaurs of Thessaly. At the foot of the volcano of Tongariro, in New Zealand, the spectacle of rivers rising from almost the same source, and flowing north, south, and west, reminds him of a pass in Pindus and of those rivers—*diversa locis*—which Aristæus saw in his subterranean exploration. The mountain ranges of Northern Queensland have the outline and colouring of the Apennines and the Eubœan Hills, and the colony itself can boast a better climate and more vegetation than Greece. A constitutional dilemma on the currency sends him off to the maxim of Herodotus, which Dr. Arnold was fond of quoting, about fulness of knowledge and barrenness of results. The Maori wars and the disputes between the civil and military authorities seem to have been foreshadowed by two stanzas from an alcaic ode of Horace. The same poet greets the departure of the Duke of Edinburgh in his yacht, the *Galathea*. A well-known line in the *Prometheus* can alone do justice to a Southern sea sparkling under a Southern sun. Pindar is suggested to Mr. Gladstone, in order that he may be able to realize an Eastern archipelago. No more accurate term can be found for the dependency of Hong Kong than the Greek term which signified that a place was neither a colony nor an emporium, but “a fort or stronghold placed so as to command an enemy’s country.” Lochiel was the prototype of a celebrated Maori chieftain, and Sir George Bowen himself in one of his principal posts was nothing more or less than a Greek *oikistes* or founder. The introduction of this classic currency is justified by the fact that it is scattered over public or confidential letters to Ministers who were scholars first and statesmen afterwards. It must have relieved the dryness of despatches about the retirement of a Ministry, the issue of inconvertible paper, and the reduction of magistrates and their salaries, and it cannot but have awakened a sympathetic feeling in such statesmen as Lord Derby, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Sherbrooke, and Mr. Gladstone. As we have already said, they are not dragged in, like the head of Charles I., but appear to come spontaneously and gracefully as the pen is dipped in the ink.

If the Government of Victoria is justly looked on as the blue ribbon of the Colonial Service, Sir George’s most interesting post, we think, was that of Queensland. Here was realized the vision of many ardent administrators in India and elsewhere. There was a blank sheet of paper on which anything could be written. In 1859 a new colony was cut out of New South Wales, and Moreton Bay received the appropriate title of Queensland. Everything had to be done in the way of construction. There was nothing but the foundation of the edifice. Not a single soldier protected a territory larger than most European kingdoms. The population of Brisbane was only 7,000. In the Public Treasury there was not even a “splendid shilling.” It contained just sevenpence-halfpenny, and even this was stolen a few nights after the Governor’s arrival. Several very burning questions awaited solution; the rights of shepherds and squatters; and the whole machinery of the franchise, the elections, and the legislative assemblies had to be invented, hammered, and put together. The ballot and manhood suffrage

* *Thirty Years of Colonial Government: a Selection from the Despatches and Letters of the Right Honourable Sir George Ferguson Bowen, G.C.M.G., Hon. D.C.L. Oxon., Hon. L.L.D. Cantab., Governor successively of Queensland, New Zealand, Victoria, Mauritius, and Hong Kong.* Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. With Portrait. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co.; and New York.

were introduced. The Legislative Assembly was composed of twenty-six members, elected on the above basis. Its proceedings were subject to the revision of a Legislative Council of fifteen leading settlers nominated by the Governor. After this came the organization of the police, the enrolment of a corps of Volunteers, the registration of voters, the allotment of funds for public worship and education, and legislative Acts for the occupation of pastoral land and the reservation of large tracts in the hands of Government to be leased and sold at reasonable prices to agricultural, as distinct from pastoral, settlers. Much was effected in the annual tours of the Governor, who rode over the Downs, was received by hospitable shepherds, and marked out harbours, some of them eight hundred miles from Brisbane, at which cricket and boating clubs were amongst the first institutions. Sir G. Bowen's tenure of office lasted for six years, and was enlivened by one financial and political crisis. The Treasurer, on the part of his colleagues in the Ministry, proposed to issue inconvertible notes, and to make them legal tender. Sir G. Bowen politely told them that in that case he should practically veto the Bill by referring it for orders from Home. Remonstrances and resignations followed. At last a new Ministry was formed, and the crisis was met by the issue, not of valueless paper, but of 300,000*l.* of Treasury bills. The action of the Governor was approved by Lord Carnarvon, then at the Colonial Office, and the new colony was saved from a step which would have impaired its credit and checked its prosperity. We may remark that the increase in revenue, population, and general prosperity of the colony, which had assumed respectable proportions before Sir G. Bowen's departure, has now swelled to such dimensions that the colonists, by the last mails, seem to be anxious to split up and to found a new colony in the north of Queensland, with headquarters in the Gulf of Carpentaria.

In New Zealand Sir George Bowen had the good fortune to put an end to a harassing warfare between the Maoris and the settlers, and to stamp out a Fenian movement without making martyrs and heroes of its ringleaders. The previous campaigns against the Maoris had not been decisive, and there had been wholesale massacres of men and women, as well as partial defeats of our forces. The New Zealanders were dealt with very much as were the Highland clans by Pitt. The colonists were able to raise local corps of Militia and Volunteers. Places of refuge for women and children were constructed in central positions. Roads were opened from the plains to the mountains, and, by appealing to the loyalty of the well-disposed chiefs, by addresses translated sentence by sentence, and by visits to the interior not unattended by risk, the Governor was enabled, at the end of 1871, to announce the pacific termination of a ten years' war. Maoris rowed the Governor and Lady Bowen in their war canoes, and greeted them with songs and shouts of welcome on the banks of rivers which had been the scene of sanguinary conflicts, and where British officers had had to ride away for their lives.

Victoria was a different experience altogether. This colony had for twenty years been emancipated from the paternal rule. Parliamentary Government had taken root and flourished. There had even been room for the growth of a sort of Conservatism amongst the older settlers which was in contrast to the sturdy Democracy of the great towns. Instead of soothing chiefs, attending *koreros* or conferences, and reserving tracts of lands for native interests and rights, the Governor had to deal with a collision between the Upper and the Lower Houses, and something like a Parliamentary deadlock. Members, it was found, were not going to work for nothing, and insisted on salaries of 300*l.* a year. A Bill to secure this payment, which had passed the Assembly or Lower House by a large majority, was rejected by the Upper House or the Legislative Council. The Ministry, relying on the support of the popular Chamber, retaliated by stopping supplies, and withholding the salaries of police magistrates and of judges of County Courts. Luckily the allowances of the Governor himself, of the judges of the Supreme Court, of Ministers, and of a few other functionaries, were already secured by permanent Acts, and were not provided by annual votes. But it was a very pretty quarrel while it lasted. Finally, the inevitable compromise was adopted, after delays, discussions, and much preaching on the Governor's part of forbearance and concession. Members got their salaries and magistrates their back pay (we hope), and the public works their necessary funds. In a slight difference of opinion which occurred on this difficult question between the Governor and the Secretary of State, we are bound to record an opinion that the former had the best of it. Payment or non-payment of members and officials was not a matter of Imperial concern, and the Head of the colony was judicious in following the advice of his responsible Ministers, and allowing the credit or discredit of the measure to be shared by the latter and their majority in the Lower House.

The Mauritius, again, was a return to an older state of things. There was much of aristocracy, something of autocracy, and very little of the popular will. The Council consisted of a few officials nominated by the Governor, and expected to vote with him or resign. The island was governed mainly by old French laws, framed under the ideas in force under Louis XV. The French planters were good rifle-shots, and retained something of the courtesy of their Royalist forefathers who emigrated in 1792. For Government House there was an old feudal château, with spacious halls, black and white marble pavements, and a genuine old-fashioned ghost, supposed to be the spectre of the great

Labourdonnais. There was more work here than in the typical Crown colony. Despatch-boxes and their contents required the orders of the Governor; and he was more in a position corresponding to the head of a non-Regulation Province in India in an epoch anterior to Baboos and Congresses. Work was varied by shooting and fishing excursions, in which a colonial Bishop seems to have been quite able and ready to take an active part.

We have no space left for the government of Hong Kong, for divers excursions to parts of Japan, for an appendix which explains the new plan of electoral districts in Malta, and for the paper on Imperial Federation. It is very likely that in some of the colonies there may be a decided difference of opinion as to the policy pursued by Sir George Bowen at various conjunctures. But he must have been trustworthy to have been selected for six different situations by English statesmen of opposite parties, and while these volumes invite speculation on the future growth, prospects, and political associations of the colonists, they are at the same time the memorials of a useful and honourable career.

SOME BOOKS ON ELECTRICITY.*

ONE of the most surprising things about electricity is the fact that, although it admits of accurate measurement, and can be applied with ease and certainty to a vast number of practical uses, we do not know what it is. When the zinc and carbon poles of a battery are joined by means of a wire, we know that something happens in the wire, something which is usually called the "flowing of a current." The so-called current is known only by its effects—by its power of heating the wire, inducing magnetism in iron, decomposing liquids, and doing various kinds of work. The work done by it can be as exactly measured as the energy expended by a steam-engine. We calculate the quantity of the current, the rate of its flow, the pressure driving it, and the resistance of the wire, in units of space, mass, and time, just as we calculate the flow of water in a pipe. But, whereas water is a thing which can be seen and touched, no man can say that he has seen electricity. He may have seen its effects in the lightning flash or the galvanometer, but not the thing itself. In fact, we know as little about it as we should know about water if water were invisible and intangible, and yet retained all its other properties. We do not know whether the direction of the current is from the zinc to the carbon or from the carbon to the zinc. We do not know whether what we call a current is really a current at all. Fortunately our ignorance of the nature of electricity does not prevent us from employing it extensively in our service, as the bulky volume called *The Electrical Trades Directory* abundantly testifies. In seven years this handbook has grown from 73 to 1,002 pages. The list of electrical trades and professions includes about five hundred well-marked varieties. It was estimated two years ago by one who was in a position to judge pretty accurately that about five millions of the population of the world got their living through various electrical industries; and, if we may judge from the growing dimensions of the book before us, the number must now be increasing every year. But the particular department which is increasing by "leaps and bounds" is that of electric lighting. In this branch there was great activity in this country about eight years ago. Then came a startling collapse, which was attributable in part to frantic speculation and in part to the unfortunate provision of the Electric Lighting Act of 1882, under which the local authorities were empowered to buy up the installations of the Companies at the end of twenty-one years for the market value of the land and plant. The Act of 1888 modified the stringency of this provision and gave a new impetus to electric light engineering. Our readers will remember the rush which took place last year of Companies eager to supply London with the new light, the Board of Trade Inquiry, the Report of Major Marindin and Cardew, and the subsequent ratification of provisional orders parcelling out the metropolitan area among eight Companies. The Directory reprints a large slice of the Report of the Board of Trade inquiry, and also gives a clear digest of the law of electric lighting as it now stands, together with statistical tables and information likely to be of use to electricians. At the end of the book will be found biographical notices of about two hundred living electrical authorities, interspersed with portraits of somewhat unequal merit.

Any one who wishes to acquire with the least possible mental effort a clear idea of the various machines and processes which are involved in electric lighting may be confidently referred to Messrs. Slingo and Brooker's book on *Electrical Engineering*. The other works which cover the same ground are either so heavily weighted with formulæ as to be intelligible only to those who have had a mathematical training, or so slight and sketchy as to give the student an incomplete view of the whole subject. To the majority of readers, even to many of those engaged in electrical work, a formula is not only unintelligible, but tends to induce a

* *The Electrical Trades Directory*. London: The "Electrician" Printing and Publishing Company.

Electrical Engineering for Electric Light Artizans and Students. By W. Slingo and A. Brooker. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Electricity in our Homes and Workshops. By Sydney F. Walker. London: Whittaker & Co.

Electricity and its Uses. By J. Munro. London: Religious Tract Society.

somewhat peculiar state of mind, a feeling of discouragement, a belief that the whole subject (which may be simple enough in itself) is beyond their grasp. Messrs. Slingo and Brooker have steered very skilfully between Scylla and Charybdis in their bold endeavour to lay down a course suitable for readers of this kind. In dealing with electricity and magnetism it is, of course, impossible to avoid mathematical expressions altogether; but when any such are introduced the authors are careful to explain them in such a way that they cannot well be misunderstood. Take, for instance, the elementary formula of magnetism $f = \frac{M \times M_1}{d^2}$. What

the beginner fails to realize, unless he is told over and over again, is the fact that each letter represents a number of units— f the number of dynes, M the number of unit magnetic poles, and d the number of centimetres. All this and more is made perfectly clear; and throughout the book the reader is led on by easy stages, so that nothing need be missed by the way. We would remark, however, that as the expression "lines of force," in the technical sense, is used very frequently, the explanation of a "line of force" might have been made somewhat fuller. It is true that on p. 93 we are told that a magnetic field of unit strength is assumed to contain one line of force per square centimetre; but this hardly gives the beginner the sort of mental picture that he can carry in his mind's eye. And here we think it would have been useful to employ the conception of tubes of force divided by equipotential surfaces into "unit cells." Although this idea is beginning to become unfashionable, and is usually discarded as superfluous by more advanced students, it is extremely useful in enabling the beginner to realize the meaning of a field of force. The "unit line of force," by-the-bye, although quite as useful as the unit of current (ampère) or the unit of electromotive force (volt), has no name, and the deplorable, and yet fascinating, suggestion has been made that the first syllable of a certain distinguished electrician's name should be used for the purpose, whether with or without the "h" we do not know. If, however, the student has fully grasped the meaning of a "line of force," he will not have the least difficulty in understanding Messrs. Slingo and Brooker's descriptions of dynamos, motors, and transformers; and he will find ample information in this book with regard to measuring instruments, storage cells, Board of Trade unit meters, lamps, vacuum pumps, switches, cut-outs, and so forth. The chapter on the measurement of electro-motive force is particularly well done, and there is a good description of that pretty instrument the Cardew voltmeter, in which the expansion and contraction of a fine platinum-silver wire (in proportion to the heat generated by a current passing through it) causes a pointer to rotate. It is essentially a practical instrument, well suited for rough usage in the engine-room or on the tram-car. Other voltmeters there are, and some perhaps more accurate, but none so handy and simple. As has been well said, the more elaborate instruments stand to the Cardew voltmeter in the same relation as the astronomical clock at Greenwich to an ordinary watch. They are more accurate, but not so generally useful. The Ayrton and Perry voltmeter is perhaps equally admirable; but it is, after all, only an extension of Major Cardew's principle. In describing dynamos Messrs. Slingo and Brooker do not adopt the historical method, but confine themselves almost exclusively to those forms which have survived in the keen struggle for existence of the last few years. The field at present is pretty equally divided between the alternating and continuous current varieties, and the authors make no attempt to decide on the comparative merits of these competing systems. It would, indeed, be dangerous to do so, because every disparaging statement made on the one side is instantly met with indignant denial and a cloud of formulae and experiments on the other. It is pretty certain, however, that for lighting a large area, especially in cases when the electricity has to be generated at some distance from the district lighted, the alternating system involves less outlay at starting, and if proper precautions are taken it need not be dangerous to life. On the other hand, there is the risk of a temporary breakdown of engines and dynamos and the extinction of the light over large areas, which is impossible in cases where continuous currents and storage cells are used. Particularly interesting are the ingenious devices for securing a constant current or a constant pressure under a varying load of lamps, many of which are described in detail in this book. Working electricians, for whom the book is especially intended, would doubtless be glad of more information as to the practical difficulties incidental to dynamo working, the wiring of houses, and the rules for the prevention of risks, and perhaps in future editions something may be added under these heads.

Mr. Walker's book on *Electricity in our Homes and Workshops* is evidently the work of a practical man, who has had much experience in the fixing of electric bells and signals in houses and mines. The opening chapters are a little confused, and the style leaves much to be desired. No one should embark upon the trade of author who is not prepared to avoid such sentences as this:—"In the incandescent or glow-lamp, as it is termed, the resistance of the glowing carbon filament is one-half and even less than when cold"; or this:—"The method of measuring resistances" is "the E. M. F. expended when a known current passes through the body whose resistance it is required to know." In the later chapters, where the author is on his own ground, the style improves, and the practical hints, especially with regard to ringing signals, are likely to be of solid value to men engaged in electric-bell work.

We are glad to welcome a third edition of Mr. Munro's elegant little book. It is chiefly interesting for its descriptions of those forms of apparatus which are in the stage of infancy, playthings of science, such as the photophone and the telephotograph; and those which are emerging from that stage, such as the induction balance, telpherage, and the Wimshurst machine. It will also serve as a useful introduction to those who know nothing whatever about telegraphy, the telephone, and electric lighting. On page 36 Mr. Munro refers in passing to the experiments of Professor Bjerknæs of Christiania. Hollow drums with elastic ends were suspended in water, and air was pumped in and out of them so that the ends vibrated rapidly; and by means of the drums the interactions of suspended magnets were very closely imitated. As there is no clear popular account of these interesting experiments it is a pity that Mr. Munro did not take the opportunity of describing them, although in strictness they are hydrostatic and pneumatic rather than electrical.

STATE PAPERS OF THE TIME OF WARREN HASTINGS.*

THE thirteen eventful years during which Warren Hastings was at the head of the East India Company's affairs, first as Governor of Bengal, and, after the Regulating Act of 1773, as Governor-General of India, are full of significance to every Englishman who aims at understanding the history of his country, and the tremendous risks, struggles and vicissitudes which attended the birth and consolidation of our Empire in the East. It was, in the first place, a period of perils which went to the very root of our national greatness. England in the course of it lost America, and was within measurable distance of losing India—a disaster which, as she then stood, would have forfeited her place among the foremost nations of the world. At one moment the Governor-General had, in confronting the sea of troubles which was raging close around him on every hand, to take into account, further, the circumstance that his country was at war with America, Spain, France and Holland, the two latter being by no means unlikely to make a diversion in India. One of Warren Hastings's great claims to historical recognition is the fact that he appreciated the grave character of the crisis as it affected, not merely the position of the English in India, but the position of England in the community of nations—that he grasped the full measure of disaster that the loss of India would have been to her, and that, amid unexampled difficulties—opposition, contumely, intrigue—he was able to take his stand with unshaken reliance and unflinching firmness of purpose, and to look out calmly, in the midst of shattered schemes and disastrous failures, to the ultimate triumph of a well-designed and statesmanlike policy. At times it seemed as if Fortune had pronounced absolutely against him. "It has been the will of God," he wrote in 1778, with reference to an abortive attempt to assist the Bombay Government in one of its profitless and ignominious quarrels—"it has been the will of God to blast my designs by means which no human prudence could have foreseen, and against which I had therefore provided no resource." But such failures never shook Hastings's nerve or disturbed his serenity of mood. He saw in the chaos around him the material for building up a solid fabric of empire. "I am certain," he wrote a year later, "that the resources of this country, in the hands of a military people and a consistent and undivided Government, are capable of raising that Power to the dominion of all India." His great aim was to secure that England should be that Power, and that it should not be prevented by inconsistent policy and divided councils from achieving this result.

Another cause which renders this period one of exceptional importance is that Lord North's Regulating Act of 1773 was, practically, England's first essay in constructing, by legislation, a regularly organized administration for a distant dependency. It was, as might have been expected, full of defects which only experience could bring to light. It aimed at creating a self-adjusting balance of authority, and at checking abuses on the part of one set of officials by submitting them to the criticism and control of another. The co-ordinate Powers, thus called into existence, soon brought each other to a deadlock, or raised internecine conflicts by defending the undefined area of their own jurisdiction against invasion, or by invading that of their neighbours. The Governor-General was often reduced to complete helplessness in his own Executive Council, the Supreme Court was at open war with the Government, and the two minor Presidencies were continually endangering the perilous equilibrium by acts of indiscreet independence, and calling upon Hastings to rescue them from impending ruin—the fruit of their own policy.

The early history of the Governor-General's Council is accordingly the most interesting study which English history presents in the art of foreign administration. Its value has been greatly impaired and its lessons have been altogether misunderstood, owing to another characteristic of the period—namely, that at this time India was discovered to be a convenient battlefield for English politicians, and that the conduct of Indian officials was assailed in Parliament and the press with a reckless and unscrupulous indifference to the real facts of the case, to which, happily, subsequent history presents no counterpart. An unfor-

* Selections from the Letters, Despatches, and other State Papers preserved in the Foreign Department of the Government of India, 1772-1785. Edited by G. W. Forrest, B.A., Director of Records, Bombay. 3 vols. Calcutta. 1890.

fortunate combination of circumstances has conduced to the permanent misreading of an instructive epoch. Burke—well primed by a relative in Madras, and by partisans who saw to what good use his gorgeous but extravagant genius might be put—found in the crimes of a great Indian official the very theme which would best gratify his indignant mood, and justify a magnificent rhetorical exhibition. A careful and searching criticism of the various transactions of Warren Hastings's official career might have been useful; but it would certainly have been very little congenial to the brilliant assembly of statesmen, celebrities and fine ladies, who thronged Westminster Hall to hear Burke denounce the guilty and 'infamous Proconsul. Accuracy becomes misplaced when the object is to stir a polished audience with an agreeable thrill of horror, or to draw tears from the most lovely eyes in England. Nothing can be more monstrous than Burke's exaggerations and misrepresentations except the dull inaccuracy of James Mill, or the splendid travesty which the genius of Macaulay has rendered familiar wherever the English tongue is spoken. It is probable, as Sir James Stephen observed in his "Nuncomar," that nothing will ever suffice to displace Macaulay's account of Impey and Hastings from its shrine in the popular belief. Serious students of the time have for long known that it is, in many essential points, a highly imaginative figment, totally undeserving of credit as a serious piece of history. But its style has already carried it far, and will, no doubt, carry it still further with those to whom Macaulay's antithesis carries conviction, and who cannot bring themselves to conceive that anything so brilliant can possibly be untrue. It is well, however, that well-informed and capable writers, such as Sir James Stephen and Sir Alfred Lyall, should, from time to time, raise a voice of protest, and add to the weight of evidence and argument which may some day serve to secure for a mischievous delusion the vengeance which it has so long escaped and so richly deserved.

From this point of view the present collection of documents is of the highest interest and importance. It consists of selections from Letters and Records of the Secret Proceedings of the Select Committees of Council from the year 1772, when Hastings became Governor of Bengal, to the 1st of February, 1785, when he resigned the office of Governor-General. These Proceedings constitute, it has been well observed, the most interesting, authentic and curious collection of State Papers in the world. They contain not only the conclusions and resolutions ultimately arrived at, but the whole of the discussion on the case, "the proposition, the argument, the dissent." There are innumerable letters and memoranda by Hastings and his colleagues, printed as they were entered, from day to day, in the Secret Proceedings. There are the very documents with which Francis and his faction thought to trip up the Governor-General, whom it was Francis's long-cherished ambition to succeed. There are the masterly and courageous explanations which Hastings submitted to his employers in England. There are graphic despatches from Sir Eyre Coote describing his victories in Madras, and from Admiral Hughes describing his naval engagements with the French. Among lighter topics there is a contemporaneous account of an interview between Hyder Ali and the British Envoy, and a letter written from Weymouth by King George III. to the Nawab of Arcot, asking the Nawab to represent the King on the occasion of the presentation of the order to General Eyre Coote and Sir John Lindsay.

The value of the collection—which, to say the truth, is on a scale of magnitude somewhat alarming to the ordinary reader—is greatly enhanced by an excellent Introduction, summarizing the principal Indian events of the time, and showing the connexion of the newly-collected materials with each. This has been compiled, the editor informs us, from the Reports of Parliamentary Committees on Indian affairs published between 1782 and 1785; from Debrett's "Trial of Warren Hastings"; from the Report of the Trial of Nuncomar, published with the sanction of the Supreme Court; from Reports of Debates in the House of Lords, and other publications of like authority. Introduction and documents together form a most valuable addition to the store of learning on which the future historian of the period will have to draw. We rejoice that Mr. Forrest's skill and industry have rescued these invaluable records from the perilous interment of a public office Record-room. Similar collections might, and in the interests of historical truth ought to, be formed for other periods and other departments of the Indian Government. "The ancient muniments of the Government of India, now scattered among different offices, contain the material for that history of our Empire which for the honour of England ought not to remain unwritten. In musty records fast falling into decay are chronicled the deeds of valour by which the Empire was won, and the acts of statesmanship by which it has been maintained. In them are preserved the lessons of wisdom which the times past afford to the present."

We cannot, of course, attempt to summarize even in the merest outline the multifarious topics with which the present collection of documents is occupied. We begin with Hastings's first quarrel with his Council as to the appointment of a guardian to the youthful Nawab of Bengal. We are soon plunged into the famous dispute as to the Wazeer of Oudh and the attack on the Rohillas. This is, perhaps, as good a specimen as could be found of the tissue of misrepresentations and absurdities which history becomes in the hands of partisan politicians, brilliant essayists, and excitable rhetoricians. Lord Macaulay's account, familiar to every school-

boy, represents the co-operation of Hastings with the Wazeer as the unscrupulous and disgraceful act of a man deaf to every dictate of decency, honour, and mercy in the mad pursuit of money with which to fill his employer's exhausted treasury. To this base end the gallant Rohillas, a chivalrous and blameless race of warriors, living happily in their own sequestered valleys, were sacrificed. Warren Hastings was an accomplice in the disgraceful excess which marked their extinction by a ruthless foe. So runs the Macaulayan myth. But how stand the facts as recorded in the precise language of an official document? The Rohillas were Afghan adventurers who, in the general scramble for power, had by their good swords and some successful intrigues made themselves lords over a large Hindu population on the east bank of the Ganges. The great object of Hastings's policy was so to fortify Oudh as to constitute it an effective bulwark for Bengal against the Mahrattas, who seemed much disposed to overrun it. The Moghul Emperor was a mere puppet in their hands; Oudh was the only practicable defence; but the geographical position of the Rohillas rendered Oudh defenceless so long as they were entrenched along the Ganges, now attacked by the Mahrattas, now coquetting with them. Their treaty with Oudh was remorselessly broken; their overtures to the Mahrattas were beyond dispute. If the Mahrattas were to be checked, it was absolutely essential that Rohilkund should not be a rallying point for an invading force. Of the excesses with which Macaulay embellishes his story there is scarcely a trace of trustworthy evidence. "History," says Mr. Forrest, "furnishes no more striking example of the growth and vitality of a slander. The Rohilla atrocities owe their birth to the malignity of Champion and Francis; their growth to the rhetoric of Burke, and their wide diffusion to the brilliancy and pellucid clearness of Macaulay's style. A close and minute study of the evidence demonstrates that a certain number of villages were burnt, and that the prisoners were ill-subsisted. A hundred thousand people did not fly from their homes to pestilential jungles, but about seventeen or eighteen hundred Rohillas, with their families, were expelled from Rohilkund, and Hindu inhabitants, amounting to about 700,000, remained in possession of their patrimonial acres, and were soon cultivating their fields in peace."

NEW MUSIC.

IT is regrettable that we should almost invariably when viewing new English music be obliged to remark upon its lack of originality—a fact which may perhaps be rather attributed to haste in composition and over-production than to want of the power of creating melody. In the quantity of music now before us there is scarcely a single piece of striking merit or originality. From Messrs. Woolhouse we have received "Six Songs" by Mr. W. Wallace, the words of which are superior to the music, which is not a very interesting imitation of the later German style. A "Suite" in D major for two violins, viola, violoncello and pianoforte, by Mr. Alex. S. Beaumont, may be recommended to students of these instruments, as it is fairly well harmonized and melodious. Mr. G. St. George's "Marche des Mousquetaires" cannot be praised. It is a very ordinary composition. A "Fantasia on Scotch airs" for piano and violin, by M. Jacques Haakman, is best described by its title. It is a commonplace setting of well-known Highland melodies, but has the merit of being unpretentious, and is, moreover, as a matter of course, tuneful.

Mr. Edwin Ashdown sends us "Four Pieces for Salon, set in Duets," by M. François Behr, all of them very pretty and graceful. They are well worth the attention of school teachers. "Twenty-four Studies for the pianoforte," by A. Loeschhorn, are admirably fingered, and arranged for juvenile students. "Jagdlied," for pianoforte, by M. Gustav Merkel, is a pretty easy piece, admirably suited to school purposes. Equally meritorious in its way, and for the same purpose, is "May Song," by H. Lichner; and a pretty little study of the same class is "The Gondolier," song without words, for piano, by the same graceful composer. M. Fritz Spindler's "Valse Brillante" is a showy, but really easy, waltz, well calculated to display a pupil's execution, to the surprise and delight of parents and guardians. From Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons we have a bright and spirited march, "Rally Every Noble Volunteer," by Mr. John Kinross, with a capital chorus in unison, which deserves to be much better known, and to become correspondingly popular. Mr. Kinross's "Pianoforte Album" is a collection of very pretty little pieces for beginners, well within the stretch of small hands and fingers.

The Strathearn Collection of Part-songs is an album of popular airs arranged as part-songs, for small Choral Societies, published by Messrs. Paterson & Sons; who also send us "Bygone Times," by Annie E. Armstrong. It is not a very original song; but the refrain, in minut time, is refreshingly tuneful. "A Heart in Armour," by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, is not worthy of that brilliant and original writer; neither can we find praise for Mr. Arthur Hervey's "Flowers Ungathered."

"Twelve Songs for Children," by Mr. Scott Gatty (Griffith Farran, Okeden, & Welsh), has one serious drawback. At least half of the songs are set too high for children's voices, which should never exceed in compass E flat. "Twelve Sacred Songs," by Dr. Stainer, is a good collection of sacred airs, much better

suited to children's voices than the above, as they are quite within the proper compass, only once rising to E natural.

A remarkably pretty and graceful song is "Serenade—Good Night," by Mr. Henry Toller (Swan & Co.); but it is a pity he should have published "The Toilers of the Sea," a poor imitation, both as regards the words and melody, of the once famous "Three Fishers."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE first fascicule of a book which has been long expected—the French Dictionary (1) of MM. Hatzfeld and Darmesteter—has at last appeared, too late, unfortunately, to be seen by one of its authors, M. Darmesteter, whose work, however, as we understand, was finished as far as the first draft of the MS. went, and whose place will be taken by M. Antoine Thomas, an excellent scholar, in revising and completing the printed text. The book has been nearly twenty years a-preparing, and the qualifications of its authors could not have been better shown than by the excellent *Seizième siècle en France* which they published together some dozen years ago. This new book does not pretend to be, as a lexicon, more than one of French from the seventeenth century downwards; but it extends, as far as its philological part goes, to the beginning of the language. As the authors frankly acknowledge, no such book would have been possible till recently, and they also acknowledge freely their debt to Littré, and to that not impeccable, but extraordinarily erudite, book which is still slowly advancing, the Old French Dictionary of M. Godefroy, as well as to other and more specialist authors. The specimen, in the shape of the first part, which is now before us is excellent in typographic arrangement—a point of the first importance in a dictionary—in contents, in everything but the attempt to give pronunciation. It is high time that men of letters should recognize that pronouncing dictionaries are a farce and a futility. Phonetic spelling is impossible; there is no such thing. The attempts of the phonetics themselves are utterly and ridiculously false, not only to etymology and literary history, but to the actual pronunciation of educated persons who have been accustomed to mix in good society. That is the simple truth, and it becomes good scholars and men of the world to recognize and not to evade it.

Although M. Antonin Bunand's *Petits Lundis* (2) (a dangerous name by-the-bye) were contributed to no less a paper than the *Sicle*, his name is not known to us by any antecedent work except (unless we mistake) a volume of poems of some merit, and he clearly belongs to *les jeunes*. His critical notes are interesting, and sometimes very well written, but sometimes also decidedly crude. When M. Bunand tells us that Gautier's style is to Flaubert as paste to diamond, when he talks about the "romans extravagants de Dumas," when he is quite sure of the genius of M. Zola, there may be who "tempest and tarabust." For us, we chuckle mildly. Not thus will M. Bunand, whom we take to be an intelligent young person with a real taste for literature, write in a dozen years or so. He is too hard also on M. Lemaitre, on whom we have ourselves done justice, but who is (in M. Bunand's ear) a clever man. He should not be complaisant to a poisonous young scoundrel like Henri Chambige, or shrink telling the whole truth about M. Verlaine, when, to the accompaniment, no doubt, of an undoubted lyre, that unlucky bard hiccuped sculduddey to a pitying heaven. Nor should he blink the fact that M. Camille Lemonnier sometimes throws away a most excellent talent on mere pornography, or extol the literary ragpickings of MM. de Goncourt as if they were white samite, mystic, wonderful. We do not honestly think that he knows much more of "Les poètes modernes de l'Angleterre" than M. Sarrazin (whom he is reviewing) has told him, and it gives most furiously to think that he quotes Tieck and Novalis among "contemporaries and successors" of Heine. Nevertheless, we like M. Bunand, and when he has *jeté sa gourme* we shall expect something from him. But let him not wish for an illustrated Baudelaire. That is a delusion which we all have about our favourite poets when we are young. But the illustrations of poets are in the mind of the reader. Rogers and suchlike folk may be illustrated, not others. Who shall give us the ebon hair and the gold eyes (others may supply other traits) of the heroine of

Je t'adore à l'égal de la voûte nocturne—

who the gold and azure (with remark as before) proper to illustrate "À la très bonne, à la très belle"? What artist can draw so well as a man's own imagination the mighty porticoes of "La vie antérieure," or Théroigne mounting *les royaux escaliers*, or the "craquants imprévus" (was their name Zola?) of the "Coucher du soleil romantique," or the "fatidique marraine" of the *Poèmes en prose*, as she pours into her godchildren the love of "la mer immense, tumultueuse et verte, l'eau informe et multiforme, les nuages, le silence, et la nuit"? No; no. Let the common illustrator take the common poet and let us keep Baudelaire for ourselves.

Astra (3) bears on its back and front the name of Carmen Sylva only, but an honest note on the first page informs us that it is due to the collaboration of Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania and one of

her subjects, a certain Mme. Kremnitz of Bucharest. Into questions of collaboration no wise critic pries. It is sufficient to say that *Astra* is a well-written and really pathetic, though rather overstrained and sentimental, book. The heroine, a young girl, goes to see her sister Margot, who has married a squire in the Bukovina. He is thought by his wife to be an angel, but is really a Lovelace of the most objectionable kind, who spares neither his own unmarried relations, nor his children's governess, nor his sister-in-law—who, at least, would not spare her if she had not certain remnants of self-control. The whole thing, however, ends in a tragedy of the kind that the lady novelist loves, and the overdoing of which does not improve the book. It has, however, real pathos. As for *Le confessionnal* (4), what shall we say of M. Catulle Mendès, whose literature is too good for banning, while his morals are a great deal too bad for blessing? He, and perhaps he only, now can write a real fairy tale, instead of which he occasionally writes something quite different, whereat even those *faciles nymphes*, the fairies, would not laugh.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SOMETHING like an unequal conflict between the antiquary and the romancer is suggested by the discursive style and elaborate historical setting of Mr. Alexander Lowson's *John Guidfellow* (Glasgow: Morison; London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), a romance of Forfarshire during the period when belief in witchcraft was general. More than a third of this comely, well-printed volume is devoted to an appendix that comprises, with other curious matter, the official record of the trial of James Carnegie of Finavon for the murder of the Earl of Strathmore in the early part of the eighteenth century, and notes on trials of witches in the previous century. "The story," as the ingenious author observes, "is not a pleasant one, being a record of murder, witchcraft, and lawless smuggling." Perhaps the lover of romance would not have it otherwise, and might fitly complain of the undue prevalence of the antiquarian spirit in Mr. Lowson's literary method. Never was a story so buttressed by facts, precedents, and evidence of the chapter and verse kind. The hero, John Guidfellow, is a wandering minstrel, who retails legends and ballads in the kitchens of the great. He is permitted to stay the action of the story at a critical moment by reciting a spirited ballad or a romantic tale, just as the author is given to pause in the stage-coach progress of his story, to interpose an historical summary or a topographical or historical description of the castle of Glamis, a witches' convention, or some other suggestive subject. The murder of Lord Strathmore, and the trial that ended in the acquittal of Carnegie, are historical events closely reproduced in the story. Despite Mr. Lowson's treatment of these incidents the crimes cannot be considered remarkable. The affair of the murder was merely a drunken street brawl, and the killing of Lord Strathmore an accident. In the story Carnegie of Finavon is painted in dark colours, like a hero of popular melodrama. Though still young, he had lived "a bold bad life," and "had drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs." He had allied himself to a band of smugglers "to assist his desperate fortunes." He carries off the provost's daughter, who is saved only by the timely interposition of a resolute young woman whom he had once loved and abandoned. Altogether, his cup of iniquities is full when he slays Lord Strathmore. In the end it is proved by the written confession of an old witch that he is a changeling and not the rightful heir of the Carnegies. He is so astonished thereat, and so moved by his unexpected acquittal of the charge of murder, that he repents him of his ill courses, marries his old love, and sails for America. His conversion recalls in its suddenness and completeness the elder brother's, or the naughty usurping Duke's in *As You Like It*. On the whole, Mr. Lowson is less effective as a storyteller than as a painter of past times of superstition and witch lore.

The evil that springs from any departure from truth-telling in a nation that is honourable and high-spirited is effectively illustrated in *Truth with Honour* (Smith & Innes), a well-written and interesting story by C. R. Coleridge and M. E. Branston. The old theme of "the tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive" is set forth with much truth and power in the story of the suffering entailed upon a proud and conscientious girl through her share in playing a false part, which her younger sister had cheerfully undertaken at the request of her dying father. Thoughtless, rather than unscrupulous, is the younger girl, a fair and fluffy creature, who thinks it lawful and expedient to speak and act a lie to save her cousin from ruin and shield her father's name. The elder, however, is dark, bright-coloured, and possesses a tender conscience. Her struggles in the toils of deceit and her happy emancipation from servitude to false appearances are skilfully and sympathetically painted.

Askes, by Hume Nisbet (Authors' Co-operative Publishing Co.), is a woe of the adventures in Australia and England of a young artist and author, who endures unspeakable indignity and wrong through the tyranny of a certain Mr. Moloch, the able art editor of the great publishing firm of Grabbleson & Co. If Mr. Nisbet had not styled his exciting narrative a "mythical story," and the dirty tricks of Mr. Moloch as purely imaginary, we might

(1) *Dictionnaire général de la langue française*. Par A. Hatzfeld et A. Darmesteter, avec le concours de A. Thomas. Paris: Delagrave.

(2) *Petits Lundis*. Par Antonin Bunand. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Astra*. Par Carmen Sylva. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Le confessionnal*. Par Catulle Mendès. Paris: Charpentier.

ask, can such deeds be done in a Christian and non-sweating land as are herein chronicled? Really the business transactions of Messrs. Grabbleson & Co. are like *Mr. Meason's Will* over again, only much more so.

Mr. F. M. Allen's new version of the good old story of the Seven Champions of Christendom, *Brayhard* (Ward & Downey), though by no means remarkable as a travesty, is an amusing book, cleverly illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss. The extravagant pranks played by George, the champion of the Champions, by the aid of seven-league boots and the magical Brayhard, are of the "rollicking" kind of fun that suggests the pantomime of the past and the age of practical jokes. Not a little of the humour of Mr. Allen's dialogue in this volume lies in the quaint application of current popular slang. Of this, indeed, there is a tedious sufficiency.

Less instructive, and far less entertaining, than M. Jules Claretie's admirable *Peintres et Sculpteurs Contemporains* are the new volumes of "Biographies of Great Artists," by Mr. J. W. Mollett, *Corot, Daubigny, Dupré, and Millet, Rousseau, Diaz* (Sampson Low & Co.), two neatly-bound volumes, that deal with the works of the Barbizon painters. Mr. Mollett's treatment is too superficial to be of value to the English reader. For those who would learn there is abundant material at hand—such as M. Sensier's *Life of Millet*—of the most authoritative kind; and Mr. Mollett's work can only be regarded as fairly good compilations. The important and suggestive question of Constable's influence is scarcely touched upon by Mr. Mollett in setting forth the life-work of the Barbizon landscapists.

The second instalment of the translation of Schopenhauer's *Aphorismen*, by Mr. T. B. Saunders, *Councils and Maxims* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), comprises some of the philosopher's reflections on life and practical rules for wise conduct in life. There is much of what is called worldly wisdom in these thoughts on profitable living, and much, also, that is not a little odd, if not positively fantastic. The comparison of morning and evening from a worker's point of view is interesting. The morning is the time, according to Schopenhauer, for all study and work. Evening is like old age; then are people languid, talkative, silly.

Charity Organization (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is a little book by Mr. C. S. Lock descriptive of the methods of inquiry and relief advocated and carried out by the Charity Organization Society. The sketch of the Society's work is thoughtful and suggestive, without any approach to a controversial tone. Rate-payers will read with interest Mr. Lock's remarks on co-operation in relief between the Society and Boards of Guardians, a conjunction that appears to work well in several districts of the East End and in other towns.

Sound advice and useful information, put forth in clear, concise terms, make up the little handbook, *Children: a Book for Mothers*, by I. L. Richmond (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) This plain and practical guide well merits the warm commendation prefixed to it by Miss Sarah Tytler. The healthy rearing of children is the subject of another useful handbook, *Confidential Chats with Mothers*, by Mrs. Bowdich (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox). Somewhat inflated in style and less compact and practical is a volume by H. C. O'Neill and Edith A. Barnett, entitled *New Life: its Genesis and Culture*, "a book for young mothers" (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) This book has a wider scope than the smaller handbooks previously noticed. There is much that is excellent in it, though an occasional tendency to gush and to play the preacher detracts from its utility.

The addresses delivered in the various sections of the Art Congress held at Edinburgh last year are collected in a handsome volume—*Transactions of the National Association for the Advancement of Art*—issued from the press of Messrs. T. & A. Constable.

The Army and Navy Calendar for the current financial year, 1890-91 (Allen & Co.), revised and corrected to date of publication, comprises the illustrative pictures that have proved so useful in former issues, such as the plans and district maps, in addition to the general information that makes this manual indispensable to all who have consulted it in past years.

We have also to acknowledge a fourth edition of *The Methods of Ethics*, by Professor Henry Sidgwick (Macmillan & Co.); the second volume of *Studia Biblica et Ecclesiastica*, by Members of the University of Oxford (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); Vol. II. of *The City of God*, a translation by J. H. (1610) of St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *St. Paul: his Life and Times*, by Professor Iverach, "Men of the Bible" series (Nisbet & Co.); *Principles of General Organic Chemistry*, from the German of Professor E. Hjelt, by J. Bishop Tingle, Ph.D. (Longmans & Co.), and *The Annual Report of the Department of Mines for 1889*, issued by order of the New South Wales Government (Sydney: Potter).

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